THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Democrats in Chicago

On July 9, six days before the Democratic Convention, two men supposedly knew whether President Roosevelt would run for a third term. They were the President himself and his long-time political manager, Postmaster General Farley. The consensus of opinion in Washington seemed to be that the President would announce his refusal to run again, that this would be greeted by an overwhelming outburst of demand for him and that he would finally yield to this outburst.

Aside from this question, chief interest in the Democratic Convention centered around whether Senator Wheeler and John L. Lewis would attempt to form one or more new parties and if so, whether they would make a Republican victory probable.

Mr. Walter Lippmann and a few other people have been arguing that since Mr. Willkie's foreign policy is practically identical with that of Mr. Roosevelt, all possible excuse for a third term has now disappeared. But domestic policies are also important; indeed, we cannot be strong enough to defend ourselves unless the American people are reasonably prosperous and satisfied. If Mr. Willkie and his friends would really like to make an attempt at a third term unnecessary, they should give the country satisfactory evidence that they now accept the fundamental principles of the New Deal, including the maximum possible social security, support of collective bargaining, relief for the unemployed and aid for distressed farmers. Unless they are prepared to convince the country that they have broken completely with the Republican principles of Hoover, Coolidge and Harding, it is absurd to say that there is no longer any point in talk of a third term.

Pan-America at Havana

Prospects are not too bright for the Pan-American Conference which meets at Havana in about a week. Four of the most important Latin American countries have indicated their coolness by keeping their Foreign Ministers at home on the excuse that they are too busy to go. The blunt fact is that somewhat the same thing in happening in South America that is witnessed on the Danube and in Sweden. These countries are feverishly watching the development of the war in Europe; if Hitler is about to be victorious, they fear to be caught out on a limb in the group of his open opponents. This attitude is underlined by the fact that there is much covert sympathy for fascist doctrines in certain Latin American states, not many of which are really entitled to be called democracies in the American sense.

There are two chief items on the agenda at Havana: the United States' ambitious cartel scheme for buying up the surplus products of this hemisphere to be sold as a joint hemispherical project, and the plan to take over British, French and Dutch possessions in the New World to be administered by Pan-America and returned to their original owners when these once more possessed free and independent governments. There will be resistance to both these proposals; the United States delegation will need the utmost skill and tact to carry them through.

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Hitler's French Colonies

The United States is in a logical jam about the French possessions in the Western Hemisphere. The French government is now a fascist one, and a vassal of Hitler. France may even be engaged in open war on Hitler's side before long. Our government has enunciated the principle that it will tolerate no transfer of territory on this side of the Atlantic from one European power to another. But if the colonies remain loyal to the Pétain-Laval faction, Germany will control them without any formal transfer of ownership. If Britain tries to seize them for her own protection, as she did the French fleet, it will be she who violates the Monroe Doctrine as now formulated. Similar difficulties could easily arise about the American colonies of the Netherlands or even of Britain herself, if she surrendered to Hitler.

For the present, it would ease the situation considerably if the French colonies should voluntarily declare allegiance to the de Gaulle committee which is trying to continue the war for France. But if they do not do that, what is to be done? Some additional formula would obviously be necessary. We should think the true and straightforward one would recognize that the present French government is no longer independent or representative of the French people but is a vassal of the conqueror, and hence that the colonies are in effect already German property. The Monroe Doctrine forbids that. Consequently they may be placed under the protection of the United States—or better still, of Pan-America—until we see whether an independent France can take them back again.

England Waits for the Lightning

The world was still holding its breath and waiting, on July 9, for the full German attack on England. For ten days there had been almost continuous air raids, steadily increasing in intensity. These were answered with British counter-raids over Germany, the effectiveness of which was uncertain. Some people in England were beginning to doubt that Hitler intended a frontal attack. They believed he would invade Ireland (which is almost undefended) and Iceland, and then seek to blockade England and starve her out. She imports two-thirds of her food and can hardly have stored up more than a few months' supply.

If direct invasion were attempted, it was assumed that several methods would be employed simultaneously. Landings would be tried at six or seven points, only one or two of which would be serious, the others being diversions. Airplanes would bring infantry, including parachutists, and small tanks. Other troops and equipment would be brought in huge sea sleds of great speed and shallow draft. More familiar types of vessels would also be used in the largest possible numbers, while shore batteries on the French coast sought to break up the naval defense. The end of July was suggested as a possible date, since it is the anniversary of the First World War and Hitler is known to be obsessed with historical parallels.

The Fox and the Two Bears

The secret conference between Hitler and Ciano was probably concerned with the Balkans. Nobody knows just what Stalin's intentions are in that part of the world. He is said to have made demands on Turkey which include joint control of the Dardanelles; such demands might indicate that he plans to take additional territory, or merely that he wants to safeguard the Black Sea approach to Russia as he has already done with the Baltic. Both Germany and Italy are obviously worried about the fate of the rest of Rumania and the extent of Russia's ambitions. It seems fairly clear that Hitler does not propose to do anything in the Danube Valley until he has attempted to crush England, and this may be what he told Ciano.

The development serves to remind us again that the ties between Germany and Russia are not permanent; are on the contrary subject to change without notice. As for the ties between Germany and Italy, they are singularly like those between the polar bear and the arctic fox, his inseparable companion. After the bear has killed and feasted on a seal, the fox gets what is left. If the fox wants too much or comes too close, the bear strikes out with his paw and the fox's story is ended.

The Japanese Keep Prodding

It is no secret that Japan has long desired to kick all the white men out of the Orient. As soon as she feels strong enough, she will do so. Meanwhile, as Hitler's advance in Europe disturbs the British and Americans, the Japanese continue to test the strength of these countries in the Orient by provocative acts and mounting pressure. The British having refused to stop sending military supplies (mostly American) to Chiang Kai-shek by the Burma Road, Japan has taken the extraordinary step of immediately asking Great Britain to reconsider her decision. The threat to Hongkong continues. French Indo-China would undoubtedly be taken over were it not for the fact that the Japanese consider it now belongs to Hitler, of whom they have a lively fear.

Much is made of an incident at Shanghai, where sixteen Japanese plainclothes policemen were arrested by United States Marines. They were detained five hours and released, and Japanese and American versions of the incident differ widely as to whether they were mistreated. Even if the Japanese story is correct —of which the chances are one in a dozen—the happening would not have deserved the storm of abuse it has aroused in the government-controlled Japanese press. It has the earmarks of a manufactured incident.

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Starvation in Europe

Evidence is steadily accumulating that the whole European continent may be confronted by wholesale starvation this winter. The Germans themselves will suffer, though if we know Hitler, he will take as much food as he can away from every other country and give it to his own Nazis. Appeals will be made to the United States to come to the rescue, though it is doubtful whether it is physically possible for us to bring help on a scale commensurate with the need. A serious political problem will arise: shall we send food into German-controlled territory and thereby help to strengthen Hitler's rule? If by the autumn we are at war, which many people believe is possible, the answer will certainly be No. If we are not at war, and England still holds out, the resistances to aiding the Europeans will still be very great; already some Americans are saying that it is our duty to let Frenchmen, Belgians, Netherlanders, Danes, Norwegians and Poles starve to death rather than help Hitler even indirectly. However we may decide this question when the time comes, Europe is in for a winter of such suffering as has never been seen in modern times except in China and Russia.

The Youth Congress and the Party Line

In the American population, the Communists are a tiny minority with very little influence. In the American Youth Congress they are also a minority, but extremely influential, chiefly because they always attend meetings, usually know precisely what they want and are willing to go to practically any lengths to get it.

The convention of the Youth Congress that has just ended was dominated by the Communists as previous ones have been, although they were by no means alone in their anti-war sentiment, as the article by Mr. Irwin Ross in this issue demonstrates. Indeed, for once the party-liners seemed somewhat confused and uncertain, which suggests that the line itself may be changing as Stalin entertains increasing doubts regarding the wisdom of his tacit alliance with Hitler. The resolution attacking large expenditures for national defense was milder than was expected; the one which opposed sending arms to Great Britain did not rule out other types of aid; one official Communist speaker actually demanded that the United States, Great Britain and Russia should unite against Germany—thus nicely offsetting Colonel Lindbergh, who wants the United States, Britain and Germany to unite against Russia.

Students Outside the Congress

On many other matters, such as the need for more jobs for young people, civil liberties, increased educational opportunities and the abolition of race and religious prejudice, Communists and non-Communists were agreed. Unhappily, the Youth Congress has been the center of so much public controversy that its influence among the mass of students must have shrunk to small proportions. It is now in danger of being relegated to the role of young Chamberlains, Lavals, Hoares and Hendersons. For we cannot believe that American young men and women will long, or in large numbers, entertain the attitude described by Mr. Ross at the end of his article on page 79 of this issue—hope for a quick German victory since that is the only way to stay out. On the contrary, it is the best way to have to fight on the home grounds.

Did You See in the Papers?

Picked up by some papers from the Associated Press's Houston wire, a short-short story: The Harris County Grand Jury recently found no-bill against Jack Roach, who shot and killed a Negro ranch hand during target practice. Roach was shooting cups off the Negro's head from a sitting position on the bed. The defense which carried the Grand Jury was that someone else on the bed moved. . . . Better news from our Dallas correspondent, who reported (June 17) that the town had "the worst case of jitters I ever saw anywhere." She attended a rally of 12,000 for aid to the Allies and found things under control, but the folks seemed about "the kind that fought the last war. . . . Just looking for a release from pent-up fear and pity and hate, and if they had a thought for the world's remaking, you couldn't find it." But Dallas gets a star because on the platform along with other local lights four Negroes sat quietly, and one of them made "undoubtedly the speech of the night."

Daniel Harris, of The Kern County (California) Labor Journal, reports a state of amity we wish could be more widely known, and copied. Labor leaders of Kern County, which is as big as the state of Massachusetts, have evolved a Desert Unity Council, held in Mojave once a month and attended by delegates of both AFL and CIO unions. Unity is not merely a word, out there. Mine Workers (CIO) organized the Culinary Workers (AFL) and CIO organizers got an AFL union going among the vegetable workers; the only CIO union in the county seat (the large Oil Workers) meets regularly in the AFL Labor Temple. A clause from the preamble to the Unity Council's constitution reads: "Realizing that no theory as to form of organization is important enough to justify any break in the solidarity of the American labor movement. . . ." We hereby subscribe five dollars toward a fund to have this tattooed prominently in colored block capitals upon, respectively, William Green and John L. Lewis.

News Notes of a Week

Mexico held her first free election of the twentieth century; both candidates claimed an overwhelming victory. . . . General Charles de Gaulle was sentenced in absentia to four years in prison for "inciting soldiers' disobedience." . . . King Haakon told the Nor-

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wegian parliament that he would not abdicate, and suggested that the request came from the German army rather than the Norwegian people. . . . The French claimed the British were blockading Martinique, the British denied it, and the United States found the war getting unpleasantly close. . . . Lord Woolton, British Minister of Foods, suggested the slogan "Drink less tea and win the war." Twenty-five cups a week is to be the ration. . . . Subhas Chandra Bose, leader of the left wing of the All-India National Congress, was arrested without charge under the Defense of India Regulations in what may be Britain's first act in bringing India to heel.

Joe McWilliams, leader of the Christian Mobilizers and candidate for Congress on an anti-Semitic platform, was convicted of disorderly conduct for a street-corner speech. . . . The widow of Samuel Gompers was given a job by the CIO. . . . Tuskegee Institute announced that there had been no "recorded" lynchings for the first half of 1940. . . . Station WMCA inaugurated a "Labor Court" to try arbitration cases over the air. . . . Clarence Streit bowed to European realities and modified his World Federation idea to include, for the present, only the English-speaking democracies.

France Goes Fascist

AMERICANS read in the headlines during the last week of June the news that France had surrendered to Germany; but old habits of thinking persist and it is hard to adjust ourselves to new conditions. It may be a long time before our people begin to realize what that surrender means.

By the time these lines are printed, France will have an openly fascist government. M. Laval and his colleagues are drafting the new constitution, said to be conceived on the Italian model. Such details of their work as have been published here have reached us from Berlin—straight from the horse's mouth. Marshal Pétain, aged eighty-four, will be "Chief of the Executive Power"—a cardboard replica of Hindenburg, who was already a wooden idol. The actual governing power will be in the hands of a triumvirate, Messrs. Laval, Weygand and Marquet. The national assembly will be deprived of most of its power and the upper house will be appointed; the lower house will be chosen by "labor, service organizations, farmers and the trades." The French republican motto of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity will be abandoned. The new motto will be Labor, Family, Fatherland—which might be translated freely as Capital, Church and Ask No Questions.

A majority of the French people are at heart just as they always were, profoundly democratic, liberty-loving, skeptical of their rulers, in short, the finest people in Europe; but they are confused by treachery, dazed by defeat, and in any case they are not being consulted. When they learn of what is being done, it will be too late, for the other France—stuffy, bureaucratic, reactionary—has not only the hard-boiled French police to back it but also Hitler's army and the Gestapo. The French press prints exclusively the propaganda put out by Berlin. The French radio, in so far as it still exists, is only an adjunct of the German radio. One by one, and not too slowly, we may expect to see the German conditions set up in France, including the Nuremberg laws against the Jews. Already French radicals and liberals are being ferreted out, along with refugees from other countries who hold similar views. Those who have managed to escape from the country are being subjected to fines and imprisonment in absentia. It can be taken for granted that their property will be confiscated and their relatives, if the Gestapo can find any, will be made to suffer.

It is no accident that the leading names associated with the preesnt French government are those of men notorious for years for their pro-Nazi leanings. Some of these men were actually traitors who helped to defeat their country; and now they are beginning to prosecute their enemies, the French patriots. And even if France had not been a victim of treachery, men like Laval and de la Rocque would probably have been called in by now in the hope that they could soften the peace terms.

One by one, the expectations of any remaining French resistance have been broken. First it was thought that the government and some of the armed forces might flee to French Morocco to make a stand there. Then there was some belief that the air force might escape, or the fleet might fight on, or that the French colonies would refuse to yield. All these ideas have had to be abandoned. So far as can be learned, nearly the whole air force surrendered. Much of the fleet would have done so if it had had a chance. The colonies are giving up so completely that even in the Far East, where white men traditionally stand together, French Indo-China has been making ugly faces at British-controlled Hong Kong.

The cause of this extraordinary metamorphosis is no secret. There are two reasons. The first is the large number of army and navy men and government officials who have for years been pro-Nazi at heart. They were like the Chamberlains in England in that they thought fascism was preferable to true democracy and certainly preferable to communism, the danger of which they enormously exaggerated. Nobody knows what proportion of the country's military and political rulers were in this group, but it must have been considerable, and its influence upon other men of similar station must have been great.

The second reason is plain blackmail. French officers and civil servants in the fleet and the colonies have wives and children, most of whom no doubt remained in France and thus came under German power. It is a regular part of Hitler's technique to kidnap and tor-

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ture the families of those who oppose him, exactly in the style of a Chicago gangster, and this fact is well known throughout Europe. Not only to the officers but to the rank and file of the fleet and the whole administrative staff of the colonial governments, it must have been a powerful argument that if they decided to fight on, their families would be in the power of the Gestapo.

Hitler certainly knew that once the British-French alliance had been broken by the French defeat and the signing of a separate peace, recriminations were certain to arise between the two countries. Nevertheless, he has acted skillfully to widen the breach as much as possible, with the hope of course that if his dummy government declared war on England, the bulk of the people could be induced to support the campaign. He has bombarded the French with propaganda to the effect that the British had been insincere and half-hearted in helping France before the débâcle, that to open fire on the French fleet was inexcusable, and so on. With a great show of generosity, he tore up one of the armistice terms, permitting the French to scuttle their ships if they were unable to run the British gauntlet. What is happening in France is a perfect example of his type of total war, in which falsehood is such a potent weapon.

The truth is of course that the British demand on the French fleet, with its various alternative courses of conduct, was reasonable. Imagine what could have happened to the French if the situations had been reversed, with Germany in Britain's place! The result has been that one great danger to the British—and ultimately to the United States—has been removed. Though Hitler has obtained a disturbingly large number of submarines, destroyers and other small craft, he holds few of the big French ships. The British advantage on the seas is far less than it was when the French were an ally, but it is an advantage still. It will be a potent factor in the battle for Britain which may have begun before these words are printed, and will decide the fate of the world.

It is tragic to see France, the traditional home of liberty for the human spirit, the author of so many ideas that have inspired the modern world, brought to such a pass. But the tragedy came, not as the new fascist government was set up, but on the day she was forced to surrender, just as it was prepared over the months and years when traitors to French ideals crept into high places in her government and national defense. There is still hope that some day France may rise again. Meanwhile the lesson for the United States is all too plain. We too have our traitors to the democratic ideal—including some of the men who talk in its praise most loudly and persistently. They may prove as dangerous to us in the long run as their French counterparts have been to the cradle of liberty, equality and fraternity.

The Lesson of Defeat

ON ALL SIDES, people are asking how it was possible for Germany to defeat France in a month and seven days. It will be long before the whole story is told, although it is already plain that the factors were both military and political. It is not too soon, however, for reactionaries in the United States to do what they can to profit from the French agony. In many places voices are raised saying that the long defunct Popular Front government is to blame, since it managed to break down France's capacity to produce arms. An attempt is made to draw a close parallel with the New Deal in the United States, which is supposed to be equally incompetent and disastrous.

Before discussing this theory, it is well to recall one or two facts which ought to be familiar but seem to be generally forgotten or suppressed.

When the war began, Hitler had behind him Europe's foremost industrial country, with tremendous armament reserves and productive power and a population equal to that of Britain and France combined. The French had long had compulsory military service, but the British had introduced it only a few months before. England's armament production was trifling. Le Temps was quite correct when it said, as quoted in The New York Times of June 24:

> If the British government had had time to organize a large and well equipped army, France would not have had to bear virtually alone on land the shock of an aodversary infinitely better equipped materially.

Neither before, during nor after the time of Munich was there a Popular Front government in Great Britain. It was the Tories who failed to control private production and ignored wage-and-hour questions. During this whole time Britain fatally neglected both military training and the production of armament.

Before the Popular Front government in France, there had been three developments of great importance in bringing about her ultimate downfall. On March 8, 1936 (with Flandin at the head of the French government), Hitler occupied the demilitarized Rhineland. France failed to stop him because influential French conservatives were already advocating appeasement.

Long before the Popular Front the French politicians refused to create a mechanized, motorized army, including large divisions of tanks, as urged by Paul Reynaud and General Charles de Gaulle.

Before the Popular Front government, France had refused to expand the Maginot Line and bring it up to date. The reason was partly penny-pinching, partly a refusal to recognize the role Belgium was destined to play, but to a great extent the desire to come to an understanding with Hitler.

What about the record of the Popular Front government itself? Did it wreck the French program of building armament?

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When this government came to power, France was lagging far behind other countries in modernizing and rationalizing her industrial plant, in socialized control of wages and in general social policy. The Popular Front government (which was far from being exclusively a socialist regime since it included members of the conservative bourgeois party misnamed "Radical Socialists") increased wages and carried out other social reforms. French industry could easily have supported the new burden if its plants had been rationalized and brought up to date. But its directors refused to do anything of the sort. Reactionary industrialists combined with reactionary financiers to fight the Blum government. They refused to invest their money for modernization or expansion of plant. On the contrary, there was a flight of capital out of the country.

These things were particularly true in the armament section of French industry. Its owners refused to build up their plants if their profits were to be limited to 10 percent. They deliberately chose between defending their country and defeating the Popular Front, and preferred the latter.

Those who tell you that the Popular Front government (which lasted less than two years) destroyed France, conveniently overlook the fact that this government ended in April, 1938, more than two years before the Blitzkrieg began. During these two years, who was it that prevented France from building airplanes and tanks or strengthening the Maginot Line? The answer is partly, of course, that the French failed to appreciate Hitler's power; but partly it was the work of men like Flandin and Laval, who still wanted appeasement. France, like England, prepared for war at a pace and in a way that did not interfere with the mode of life and special position of the privileged classes. It is spokesmen for these same privileged classes who now ask America to prepare in a similar way.

Big Chief Makes Bad Medicine

THERE's a good deal of mystery about the political doings of John L. Lewis and Senator Burton K. Wheeler. Mr. Lewis declares again that if Mr. Roosevelt runs for a third term he will be beaten; Senator Wheeler announces that he is still a candidate for the Democratic nomination; Mr. Lewis talks of a third party to keep the nation out of war; both are playing around with the Townsendites, the American Negro Congress and the youth movement. It used to be thought that the CIO leader's attacks on the administration were a bargaining maneuver designed to trade concessions to labor from the President for a promise of support. But John has committed himself too far for that now, and if we know him, he is engaged in one of his stubborn feuds in which he will not surrender.

The most reasonable explanation is that Messrs. Lewis and Wheeler between them hope to bring enough pressure on the Democratic Party to obtain Mr. Roosevelt's retirement and the nomination of Mr. Wheeler. This looks to us like a lost cause at the start, and one that would not lead to wholly desirable results if by any chance it should succeed. Mr. Wheeler is an undoubted liberal with progressive leanings, but the practical outcome would be to make the Democratic Party a narrowly isolationist one which would hamper American defense by soft-pedaling aid to Britain and industrial mobilization. That seems to us a fatal position for labor and progressives just now. We suspect that Mr. Willkie would win and the country would be turned over to the business interests in a wave of patriotic fervor.

If a third party should result from lack of success in the maneuver, it would lose the election; it would divide the labor and progressive vote; it might ensure the success of the Republicans. From Mr. Lewis' bitterness against the President, one may infer that he would not mind that very much if he could only obtain his revenge. But the situation is too precarious to allow the mere satisfaction of grudges.

The New Republic looks for the establishment some time of a permanent new party based on the labor and progressive vote. We should not mind if such a party, as is probable, lost its first election. But the minimum requirements for starting it are substantial unity in labor and a situation in which labor was taking the initiative against the enemies of the nation and of democracy. We say again as we have said before that the failures of the New Deal are 90 percent the fault of the reactionaries in Congress. If Mr. Lewis really wants to save the labor movement, he will coöperate with those who wish to strengthen Labor's Non-Partisan League, not only to help elect Mr. Roosevelt, if he runs, but to put into Congress the men who belong there.

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If You Were President

SUPPOSE, dear reader, that you are elected President of the United States. An energetic defense program is under way, but the country is not at war. You are charged with putting ten million Americans to work while keeping the federal debt within bounds. What will you do? What legislation will you propose to Congress when it meets in January, after your inauguration? During your campaign you have indulged in amiable generalities. You have promised this and you have promised that. You have talked to cheering crowds about the blessings of freedom and the menace of totalitarianism. All that is over now. You must act. You sit at an unfamiliar desk in an unfamiliar room in a large, white, unfamiliar house, an untouched tablet in front of you. On that tablet you must write a message to Congress, and to 132,000,000 citizens, telling what you propose to do.

You write on the tablet: "Private enterprise must be encouraged." Excellent. But how? You have to tell how. You have to say more than "Nice kitty, pretty puss." You run your fingers through your hair and decide to skip this for the moment. You grasp your fountain pen firmly and put down: "I promise to balance the budget." Yes sir, you do. So does every presidential candidate. So did Mr. Roosevelt. It's a natural. But how? Who shall be cut—farmers, reliefers, home owners, the new air force, old-age pensioners? Who shall be taxed—big folks, little folks, corporations? You've got to tell Congress and the people just who is to be hurt and how much. You are President; you asked for it.

Here are millions of Americans in most pitiable insecurity. They look to you. Here is the world beyond America in turmoil more shattering than ever recorded in history. Every rule of international law, sound finance, laissez-faire, live and let live, is being violated. You cannot let things alone or they will overwhelm you. You have to lead; you have to tell us what to do. This is not 1885; it is 1941.

You do not know what to do? You never thought it was going to be like this? Is there a plane leaving for the upper Amazon? Quiet now. Just rest for a moment. There are things to do which will put the American economy on its feet. There are definite rules for operating the flow of money, of goods, of employment. Let me make a few suggestions, based on these rules.

This is not Chase's plan to save the world. It is not a magic formula, or even anything brand new. It is a composite of measures known to all good non-classical economists, with more than half of the necessary machinery now in operation. It contains certain practical details recommended by various persons, especially two seasoned public servants, Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank, and A. A. Berle Jr., Assistant Secretary of State. The plan does not fit the dogmas of orthodox economists or orthodox Marxists or any other dogmas. But it will fit the money mechanism. In the brief time at my disposal I can give you only a very general picture.

You want the national income to go up. To push it up you must first see that more of it gets into the pockets of the lower income groups. If every family that now receives less than $1,250 a year could suddenly receive $2,500 a year, the national income would jump by more than a third, and the resulting prosperity would enrich storekeepers, textile manufacturers, auto workers, builders, doctors, furniture salesmen, farmers.

Business men are quite right when they say that there is room for more production and capital expansion in this country. But few of them realize that it cannot be achieved without some financial changes. They have hunted all over the planet for places to sell their wares. Here is a $20,000,000,000-a-year market right under their noses, crying to be opened up. One reason it cannot be tapped is found in idle savings. Another is found in sticky prices. This market cannot be reached, even in periods of prosperity, with our present distribution of income, in which one dollar out of five is saved.

In the boom years of the twenties, the upper fringes of this market were tapped, principally by instalment buying. That method carries an interest rate of 10 to 15 percent, and costs too much. The way to reach this market is through a shift in the distribution of the national income, whereby idle funds are syphoned over to the lowest third, to employ them in public works, to give them unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. Then the money is spent, the national income rises, and presently more jobs open up in private enterprise. This great market will remain bolted and locked unless and until buying power is deliberately shifted in that direction.

Here are six specific suggestions that should, among other things, accomplish that end.

First, it is proposed that you set up a permanent PWA, on the assumption that a certain volume of public investment is, and will be, necessary to absorb savings, and is desirable for community welfare and survival as well. The annual amount will need study. Two to three billion dollars is suggested provisionally. The structures built with this money should be engineered with maximum efficiency, as Grand Coulee is being engineered today. They must not be undertaken simply to "make work." You must have top-notch administra-

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tors to allocate the fund—so much for housing, farm resettlement, multiple-purpose dams, soil, forest and grassland conservation, rural electrification, hospitals, schools, super-highways, municipal plant. Some of these works will be constructed under federal auspices, but most will be by loans or grants to state and local governments, the latter contributing part of the cost. Most will be built by private contractors, as the new Delaware water system for New York is now being built.

You are perhaps disappointed in this proposal. What is new about it? you ask. Nothing except its *permanence*. It ceases to be pump-priming and becomes a regular outlay, like that for the navy. Public works are now being built, but not on an adequate and dependable scale. The PWA "lifts the face of America"—as Life describes, with many pictures—and then abruptly goes out of business. Presently, as employment falls, it opens up again. You cannot count on it. Contractors and manufacturers cannot count on it. It ought to be there in the middle of the stage all the time—a backbone of construction which never crumbles.

Second, you are advised to put the federal budget on a business basis, like that of Sweden before this war. Even Wendell Willkie, writing in Fortune, approves the Swedish budget. This means separating capital expenditures from running expenses, as in any well managed enterprise. In the capital budget, self-liquidating outlays should be separated from others. Projects like the George Washington toll bridge in New York City pay for themselves eventually out of earnings. To class the construction of this bridge as a running expense is nonsensical. Other projects, such as a courthouse, will not pay for themselves. They must be paid for by general taxation. But it is not fair to make taxpayers think they are liable to pay in full during the year in which the courthouse is built. It will last a generation at least. Let the operating budget accordingly bear one-thirtieth of the original cost each year.

Into the operating budget will come taxes. Out of it will go running expenses, defense outlays, interest and amortization payments on capital construction. When it balances, citizens and business men can feel that government finances are on an even keel. Self-liquidating public works will not come into it at all, although it will be wise to set aside a regular reserve for losses. You can balance a budget like this, Mr. President, but not the present accounting monstrosity.

Third, it is suggested that you amend the social-security law to give every citizen, male or female, who reaches the age of sixty-five and is not employed, a flat sum every month as an old-age pension. The pension will have to be large enough to give the old a reasonable degree of security, but not too large for the budget to handle without perpetual borrowing. You may have to borrow to begin with. Even $30 a month gives spending power and removes some of the desperate urge for individual savings.

How about the rich? Give it to them like anyone else. There are comparatively few of them. If you don't, then you must have a means test and swarms of inspectors. Mr. Eccles has proposed that anybody over sixty-five filing an income-tax return shall list his pension as a special item, to be taxed back to the Treasury. If he is so unfortunate as to fall out of the income-reporting class, then he automatically keeps his pension.

The present law covers only about a third of the population. It is also hard on those who are already beyond the income-producing age. It requires an enormous staff to administer it. To date it has added seriously to the idle-money problem by accumulating a $4,000,000,000 excess of cash income over cash outgo. It is thus a kind of forced-saving device. The $4,000,000,000 is not all immobilized, of course, for the Treasury borrows some of it at 2½ percent. The reserve for unemployment benefits under the act has a similar effect. In the bad year of 1938, when spending was particularly necessary, $800,000,000 more went into this reserve than came out of it. More forced saving.

Fourth, you can meet the cost of pensions largely on a pay-as-you-go basis, by increases in personal income and inheritance taxes, and in corporation income taxes. The British under Conservative governments have paid pensions out of income taxes. That is the way they got their savings ratio down to seven percent of the national income in recent years. Ours is running 20 percent.

The income tax is one of man's most admirable inventions. One does not have to pay it unless one has the income. It amounts to a levy on idle money, if aimed at funds which cannot be invested.

An old-age pension of $30 a month, for 8,000,000 citizens over sixty-five in the country today, would come to $2,880,000,000. The National Resources Committee found that in 1936, individual savings fell in the following pattern:

Families with incomes of $1,250 a year or less saved nothing as a group. They comprised 59 percent of all families.

Families with incomes from $1,250 to $5,000 saved $2,800,000,000. They comprised 38 percent of all.

Families with incomes of $5,000 and up saved $4,800,000,000. They comprised three percent of all families.

Uninvested savings chiefly accumulate in the last group. If you applied the British income-tax rates of 1938, you could probably raise the full pension bill right here. But such a drastic levy is unnecessary. It would be better to apply Senator La Follette's idea of "broadening the base" all along the $2,500-to-$50,000-a-year line. Rates above $50,000 are already high. Below $2,500, for married people at least, you begin to cut heavily into spending for consumers' goods, and

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that gets you nowhere. You are after idle dollars. If they can be kept moving by means of the income-tax device, the national income will tend to go up and stay up.

When I made out my 1938 income-tax return, I placed a British return beside it on the desk and made that out, too. I found that if I had lived in England in 1938, I should have paid about four times as much as I paid here. My first impulse was to yell: "Murder!" My second was to reflect that after all I do not have to pay a tax unless I have the income to pay it with. My third was that unless something sensible is done about frozen funds, I may presently have no income at all. Most persons in my income class have not thought the matter out. They will probably yell "Murder!" and call it a day. You have a man-sized battle on your hands here, Mr. President, helping them to think it out. They will not lose in the long run.

To meet the pension plan, there is no need to raise rates as high as those in Britain in 1938. Part of the money can come from an increase in corporation income-tax rates, part from a tax on undistributed profits, part from increased taxes on large inheritances. All taxes should be designed specifically *to tap excess savings*, both corporate and individual. In so far as people are likely to spend money, do not tax it. Do not tax undistributed earnings of small businesses—they are needed to grow on. Keep away from sales taxes, except on "luxuries" like tobacco, alcohol, horse racing.

Fifth, provide a flexible WPA program for the remaining unemployed. The theory runs like this: A man has a job in private industry or in the permanent PWA. If he loses it, he begins to draw his unemployment benefits. They will keep him and his family going while he looks for new work. If he cannot find it, then, when his benefit period, say, of twenty-six weeks runs out, he automatically becomes eligible for the WPA. Here the pay is less than in private industry, giving him incentive to keep hustling for a regular job. The WPA will expand in bad times, close up in good times. Its projects will be useful but temporary. When the national income goes above $80,000,000,000 it will probably not be needed at all.

Will these five measures, each capable of immediate execution, each based on machinery already in operation, balance the economy? Nobody can tell precisely, because their effects will change as the national income rises. Applying them tomorrow, you will not be able to balance even the operating budget this year, on a $70,000,000,000 national income level. You will have to do some borrowing for pensions and the WPA division. But as the solid PWA projects get under way, as the old folks spend money otherwise hoarded, and as idle funds cease to pile up in social-security reserves, the national income will rise. As it rises, receipts from income taxes will be greater with *no further increase in rates*. The operating budget moves nearer to balance.

At some point—perhaps at the $90,000,000,000 mark—government borrowing for any purpose can be stopped. Between the income tax and the capital budget, the burden of federal debt will cease to grow at all. But to reach that point, more stimulus will probably be needed. There is plenty to be found in a proposal made by Adolph A. Berle Jr. And so—

Sixth, you would do well to create a new bank for long-term capital loans. It will take idle savings and loan them for new construction, and will also have power to create credit, like the commercial banks. The latter will return to their accepted field of short-term loans. The new bank will not compete with them, but will specialize in the long-term field where *new construction* is involved.

The new bank will have the power to make loans *at selective rates of interest*. Its purpose will be to use the interest rate in such a way as to put men to work and get things built. This idea would have been fantastic in an era where capital was scarce. It makes increasing sense as capital becomes abundant and the interest rate falls. The need for it is widely recognized. If you don't do it, some other President will do it soon. Why let him take the credit?

Here, says Mr. Berle, is the city of New York. While he was its chamberlain, studies showed that it needed $438,000,000 worth of hospital construction over the last decade, just to hold the health of the city at par. Where can the city get the money? In the capital markets at 3½ percent. This means that over the life of the hospital buildings, say thirty years, the city will have to pay out almost $1,000,000,000 in cash; the interest alone would be 105 percent of the construction cost. New York cannot afford to spend a billion. But it can afford $438,000,000—perhaps a little more. Mr. Berle would have the new bank loan the city the money to build its hospitals at a rate of not over *one-half of one percent*. This almost abolishes the interest burden, and gives taxpayers their hospitals at half the final cost.

If this sounds like financial hocus pocus, it is because we are so conditioned by the hocus pocus of interest as a kind of Act of God that we blanch at the idea of building things for only the cost of building them—the actual manpower and materials laid out during construction. In the physical calculus this is the only cost. That is why nations can go on fighting as long as their manpower and materials hold out.

The bank will not confine itself to hospitals or to loans at one-half of one percent. It will handle any self-liquidating projects, private or public, making its loans subject to strict amortization. It could be the financial agent for much of the PWA program outlined above. It will "quote any rate of interest . . . necessary to get the work done." For worthy non-profit enterprises, like hospitals or flood control, the interest

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rate will be close to zero. For housing projects, say one percent; for income-producing projects like toll bridges, say two percent; for loans to the railroads, perhaps three percent; for loans to small business men, the market rate as now applicable to big business, say three or four percent. The bank will use the interest rate to stimulate enterprise. Its use at present is often to discourage enterprise.

A financial invention along this general line would offer many advantages. It would enormously reduce the cost of construction. Small business men could afford to launch new enterprises which are doomed with long-term interest rates of six percent and up. Railroads could afford new equipment. Taxpayers could afford highways, water systems, hospitals, fire stations, public buildings, on a scale hitherto undreamed of. The states and the nation could afford a great expansion of conservation work, flood control, soil building, afforestation, parks, recreation areas. The problems of "where's the money coming from?" would be cut in half, or thereabouts.

This invention would tend to hold down the principal of the federal debt, in that the bank could handle many of the PWA projects on its own credit. It would greatly reduce the burden of debt for both taxpayers and business men by keeping the interest rate at a minimum. It would help balance the operating budget of the government.

A great many jobs would be created in new businesses and new construction. The wages and salaries paid would bring many families above the subsistence level and enable them to buy consumers' goods of all kinds. The forbidden market of the lower third would be tapped in earnest. This in turn would stimulate the industries supplying these goods. Investment in private industry would increase. The effect would be far better than pump-priming; it would amount to an extra cylinder on the pump.

If this new cylinder should pump efficiently enough to raise the national income as high as $90,000,000,000 and employ everybody who now needs a job, it could then slow down. The bank could accomplish this by restricting its loans. Its non-political management could concentrate on keeping it flexible and responsive to changes in income and employment. By the use of a system of statistical indices it could be governed almost as automatically as the electric pump in my cellar, which goes to work when water pressure falls to thirty-five pounds and stops pumping when pressure reaches seventy pounds.

The Berle bank, with the other five parts of our program, is capable, if properly administered, of putting to work every employable man and woman within a very few years. This plan can push the national income up, while keeping the debt burden down. It can build the plant we need for housing our people, for conserving our resources, for health and education. It can stimulate private enterprise in general by raising the national income, and in particular by providing capital for the man with a better mousetrap.

It looks good, this program, but it is no cure-all. Here are some of the things it will not do. It will not straighten the crimps in the system put there by monopoly and administered prices. If the big-business gentlemen who fix prices run them up as fast as the national income rises, we shall all be out of luck. You had best consult Thurman Arnold about how to control this. It does little to prevent industrial waste, high-pressure selling, automobile accidents, silicosis, the misuses of leisure, the moral perils of the strip tease, or a lot of things that ought to be prevented, or that people think ought to be prevented.

This program is concerned primarily with speeding the transfer of dollars, to the end that goods are passed around and people are put to work. Here you are in a shower bath, and the water is too hot. What can you do? You can turn the cold water valve up, or the hot water valve down. The first will give you more total water, the second, less. You can balance the budget by turning the spending valve down or by turning the income-tax valve up. The first reduces the national income and makes citizens more miserable. The second increases the national income by delivering idle money to the spending stream.

This program does not require any great uprooting of traditions. It demands a minimum of new institutions, far less than the wrench of inaugurating the original income tax, the Federal Reserve System, the AAA. It outrages almost no folklore, except dogma about money being always "worth" six percent. It steps on few toes at first, and none in the long run, save possibly those of investment bankers, who apparently are on the way out in any event. It solves the problem of community survival. It ought to be enough to make the United States lead the world hands down, as a place where people can eat and still be free.

I do not know of any other course, Mr. President, whereby you could get so much for so little. But there are other courses. You can set up a dictatorial NRA to fix prices, wages, production quotas for everything. You can close the stock exchanges and inaugurate a capital levy. You can go in for state socialism in a big way, taking over the railroads, utilities, insurance companies, coal mines, steel companies, packing plants. You can print currency and keep citizens happy for a year or two, until the flow of money overwhelms the flow of goods and prices go out of sight. You can start a war and absorb money and men in the military machine. Or you can do nothing and await the grand smash.

Well, Mr. President?

STUART CHASE

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Chase. The second will be published in an early issue. — THE EDITORS

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The War of Factories

IT HAS BEEN SAID a thousand times that the European war is a war of factories. Unfortunately, the Allied countries failed to draw their own conclusions from this realization. The Third Reich believed differently. Examining the changed character of modern warfare from the military as well as economic aspect, the Germans worked hard to utilize all the experience they had gained—one reason for the immense success of the German army.

Germany's military general staff examined every detail of experience gained during the First World War—and prepared for the second accordingly. Contrary to the widely accepted theory that Germany's advance during the First World War was checked by her defeat at the Marne, both French and German military experts agree that actually it was a shortage of munitions which halted the advance. The waste of munitions exceeded all estimates made prior to that war. While the German munition factories were working full strength to fill this unexpected gap, the Allies were able to stabilize their gains and to build up their system of defenses.

The lesson learned from the last war induced the High Command to prepare for this one by organizing a gigantic armament and munitions production years in advance, and by storing immense quantities of war materials. The result was that despite the considerably increased munition consumption of this war, Germany's three battles for France were never inhibited by lags in her munition production.

Another realization based on the last war was that deadly peril lay in a protracted campaign. The German solution of this problem was not confined to autarchy. Nazi military economists realized that autarchic production alone could never supply sufficient material for a prolonged war. Primarily, their answer was a military solution. They decided on an enormous strengthening of what they call *Angriffswaffen*, offensive weapons. This development had a dual aim. Its important, but not decisive, economic aim was the frustration of the Allied blockade by conquering an ever increasing number of foreign lands on the European continent. Its foremost military aim was to defeat the enemy in the shortest possible time.

Strange as it may sound, the German general staff was actually aided in the realization of this plan by the Versailles Treaty, which prohibited compulsory military service in the Reich, compelled the destruction or surrender of all arms, and reduced the army to a mere 100,000 mercenaries. In contrast to France, the Reich's military continuity was thus broken for a long period.

As is often the case in history, the prohibitive provisions of the peace treaty paradoxically resulted in a more rapid development of new military techniques and novel martial ideas. Military history records scores of examples to prove that victorious armies rarely continue on the upgrade. France's experience is the most recent confirmation of this theory. The tank, which has played such an important role in this war, was invented by the British during the First World War, when the Allies succeeded in maintaining an overwhelming superiority in this field. Prior to the present war, German military scientists wrote frequently on the importance of the tank. Shortly before the outbreak of hostilities, General Emil Guderian, commander of the *Panzerdivisionen*, wrote an article for the official Militaerwissenschaftliche Rundschau, called "Fast Troops Yesterday and Today," in which he said:

> From a practical point of view we had to make up for a lot in our military science after we succeeded in slipping off the chains of the Versailles Treaty. We faced the choice of creating our Panzer divisions as fast or slow-moving troops, *i. e.*, whether we should establish them as huge motorized units independently attached to all arms, distribute them among infantry divisions, or divide them into corps. Our decision was influenced by political as well as military considerations. The determination or necessity of striking decisive blows quickly forces both statesmen and military commanders to build the army in its essential part (and, under certain conditions, even in its mass) of fast troops.

It is not necessary to elaborate on the offensive force of the tank and on the numerical superiority of the German air force. However, from this stage of the European war we must learn the lesson that besides possessing an overwhelming superiority in tanks and planes—the two offensive weapons *par excellence*—Germany began their mass production long before the outbreak of hostilities. This enabled her to carry out a comprehensive coördination of these new weapons with the old ones—infantry and artillery.

It was neither the notorious fifth column nor some mysterious "secret weapon" which forced France to her knees. The Germans had an enormous superiority of war materials, well tested and coördinated; while France was surprised and badly prepared, trying to find out how to defend herself against this perfectly functioning Nazi onslaught while fighting for her life.

The large-scale tank attacks and air raids against all important highways, communication centers, railheads, bridges, munitions depots, oil and provisions bases occurred within the framework of this coördination. The modern war of factories requires a line of communication in depth, as well as similar facilities for the provisioning of troops. Every single disturbance or interruption is a direct blow aimed at the front, even though it may be directed against points far be-

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hind the front. Just as the production of a factory is interrupted by the breakdown of its machines, the modern army is effectively stripped of its fighting efficiency if war materials and foodstuffs are not available at important points, or if they fail to arrive in time, owing to interruption of essential communication lines.

To organize this overwhelming armament of all modern weapons and the old weapons of infantry and artillery, together with the gigantic production of munitions required by a contemporary war, Germany had prior to the war established her so-called *Kriegsvorbereitungswirtschaft*, or economy of war preparations. Before the war, she already had a budget which took more than half and controlled more than two-thirds of the national income. In another article published in The New Republic [May 27] I demonstrated that, according to official German sources, German wages were about one-third below the extremely low level of wages in the darkest depression year of 1932. Yet even the capitalist classes were compelled to make considerable sacrifices to pay for rearmament. Taxes were fixed so high that there was but a slight margin left for armament profits.

This situation was revealed in an article published on February 17, 1940, in the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung under the title "Partnership and the Public Treasury." The article supplied important material with regard to the balances of big industrial corporations prior to the war. Comparing the 1938-39 balance sheet of the AEG (Germany's huge electric corporation) with that of the prosperity year 1928-29, we obtain the following picture (figures are in marks):

	Turnover	*Taxes*	*Dividends*
1928-29	580,000,000	12,100,000	15,200,000
1938-39	604,000,000	50,600,000	7,200,000

Siemens succeeded in increasing its 1937-38 turnover of 864,000,000 marks to 1,151,000,000 marks in 1939. Its taxes simultaneously increased from 78,000,000 to 138,000,000, with dividends remaining stationary at 8,850,000,000 marks. The German Steel Union showed the following development (figures are in marks):

	Wages	*Taxes*	*Dividends*
1935-36	366,000,000	65,000,000	20,700,000
1937-38	473,000,000	150,000,000	27,600,000
1938-39	530,000,000	202,000,000	27,600,000

This is how Germany's industrial war was financed. And the Allies? They were complacent in their belief that if economy was to be decisive in this war, their greater economic reserves would suffice to bring about a gradual strengthening of their military power. This was their fundamental (and in France's case already fatal) misconception of the true situation. Because modern war is a war of industries, the entire industrial apparatus must be prepared for such a war *in time*, and at a volume sufficient to prevent a lightning victory of the enemy by sheer war-material superiority.

In an article entitled "Germany's Economic Mobilization," published in April, 1939—more than a year before Hitler's invasion of the Netherlands—by The Army Quarterly, Britain's foremost military review, I summed up my survey as follows:

> Germany's economic mobilization for war is being carried on at the highest possible speed, and up to the present the industrial mobilization of the western powers has reached nothing analogous in proportion. In the matter of economic mobilization for war National Socialist Germany will in all probability retain the lead and enjoy an advantage down to the outbreak of hostilities. The great problem of the western powers now is to keep that advantage within such bounds that it cannot prove sufficient to give National Socialist Germany a decisive surprise success right at the beginning of the war, and to ensure that their own first line of defense holds out long enough to permit the mobilization of the western powers.

As a proof of the Allies' lagging war-economic preparation, I called attention to the development of iron and steel industries during the fateful year of 1938. This is how iron and steel production in the countries of the prospective belligerents compared:

Production of Iron (in tons)

	Germany	*Great Britain*	*France*
1937	16,349,000	8,629,000	7,914,000
1938	18,655,000	6,872,000	6,027,000

Production of Steel (in tons)

1937	20,037,000	13,455,000	7,920,000
1938	22,991,000	10,561,000	6,100,000

The production of iron and steel [I wrote] is of primary importance for modern warfare. In the year which saw Munich, the annexation of Austria and the Sudeten territories, the construction of the Western fortifications, and a trial mobilization in Germany, the production of iron and steel in Germany increased quite considerably.

On the other hand, in the same year, at a time when the issue of peace or war was in the balance, the western powers saw their production of iron and steel fall very considerably.

Production for armaments in these countries represented only a very small sector of the economic system as a whole, and peace production greatly predominated—in contradiction to the position in National Socialist Germany.

This was the situation in the year of the Munich conference, with the European war looming large on the horizon. Of course, armament production was stepped up when the war came. Yet the volume of increase in Britain and in France was in no way comparable to the gigantic German armament production. This remained the case throughout the whole term of the Chamberlain government, as Churchill admitted in public. Shortly after the outbreak of hostilities, Britain shipped 158,000 troops to France, a figure which had more than doubled by the time of the Battle of Flanders. The retreat at Dunkirk succeeded in salvaging the greater part of the British Expeditionary

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Force, but the bulk of its equipment was either abandoned to the enemy or destroyed. Britain had no material reserves to compensate for these immense losses.

In other words, nine months after the outbreak of the war Britain's armament production was able to equip only 400,000 men with all the implements required by modern industrial war. This inferior armament production was largely responsible for the comparatively small number of British divisions taking part in the Battle of France, which, tragically, sealed France's fate. In the seventh month of the war, after millions had been called to the colors, unemployment still remained above the one million mark. Shortly before the defeat in Scandinavia, Sir John Simon introduced a budget in which Britain's military expenditures remained far below those of Germany, despite the many years of Nazi preparations. Today, at the eleventh hour, Britain is frantically trying to learn all the lessons. The country is a beleaguered fortress which, at the same time, has become a huge armament factory, and Britain may yet be able to save herself.

At any rate, certain urgent conclusions from European events should be drawn in the United States. The modern war of factories is far more complicated than was the First World War. Then, artillery and infantry dominated the military scene. Today, their immediate influence is gradually decreasing. Planes and tanks played an important role during the First World War. Today they occupy a focal position.

The conduct of modern war depends chiefly on the ability to coördinate planes and tanks with infantry and artillery. This change of military technique has crucial consequences. The immediate armament requirements of an industrial war increase to an extent unknown in previous times. Modern weapons are subject to rapid wear and tear, and this rate of consumption far exceeds that of other, older weapons. A gargantuan production program must be inaugurated to provide a modern mass army with all the weapons required by an industrial war. Yet even this is not sufficient. Modern weapons need personnel to operate them; they require leaders as well as soldiers. Of the leaders, they demand precise coördination in the application of all available weapons. They require soldiers who are well qualified technicians.

However the European war may end, our paramount task remains the creation, in time, of such an army, with its corresponding armament production. America's resources, if utilized to their fullest capacity, are greater in all fields than the combined resources of Great Britain, France and Germany. Our immediate problem is to create military realities out of economic possibilities. In other words, we must increase armament production to the level necessary for an industrial war.

FRITZ STERNBERG

College Students and the War

IT IS NO LONGER NEWS that American college students oppose war. But few people realize how extensive this opposition is, or what are the attitudes behind it.

Last fall, the Student Opinion Survey, which operates like the Gallup Poll on 150 United States campuses, found that 36 percent of college youth favored entry into the war if the Allies were losing. But when the first test came, after the invasion of Scandinavia, only two percent advocated immediate participation. Today, although another poll has not been taken, it is safe to say that the number of would-be belligerents has not risen appreciably.

This continued pacifism runs counter to the expected trend. When the war started it was freely predicted that a nominal neutrality would be possible for this country so long as the Allies were winning; once they suffered reverses, the war fever would become irresistible. The prediction has proved true in so far as a great many newspapers, college presidents and public officials are concerned, although according to Dr. Gallup, a very great majority of Americans still favor staying out. But with the college generation even more than with the general public, foreknowledge of the events that would promote a war hysteria proved sufficient to prevent its occurrence once those events took place. This fact points to a prime characteristic of student pacifism: it is grounded in no cynical indifference to the fate of the world and/or democracy, but rather arises from a sober analysis of all the relevant factors. As a result of two decades of faithful tutelage by their formerly disillusioned elders, students profess to understand both the causes and the effects of wars and are determined to keep out of them.

Their elders, on the other hand, think that American students are merely apathetic or amoral. Archibald MacLeish blames the war debunkers of the twenties for a "moral and spiritual unpreparedness . . . worse than . . . unpreparedness in arms." Nothing could be further from the truth. Students are aware of moral issues and are acutely conscious of the menace of fascism; they merely differ with their elders on methods of combating the recognized danger.

This statement requires qualification. A large section of even the most wide-awake campus is still indifferent to all issues except sex and football. But these youths never read Hemingway, Dos Passos, et al., and couldn't have been affected by them. On the other hand, the

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campus leaders are overwhelmingly isolationist (as they weren't in the last war).

It was no moral insensitivity, after all, which placed the American student body in the vanguard of the lately deceased Popular Front against fascism. The perennial campus drives to lift the Spanish embargo, aid the heroic Chinese, succor the German refugees indicated a high degree of democratic *élan*. Three years ago, among the same groups which today espouse American isolation most strenuously, one found soul-searching over the question of fighting for Spain. Dozens of American students died for Spanish liberty.

Why hasn't this democratic conviction been transformed into a desire to shoulder arms in behalf of the Allies? Why do the young men hesitate while the old men wax impetuous? The main reason is that the young men will do the dying, and they know it. This grim realization does not mean that the young are cowards and would not fight in defense of their homeland; it does mean that they have no desire to throw away their lives at the first blast of the trumpets. The boys who went to Spain weighed their personal identity against Spain's urgent need for men (as soldiers and as a physical embodiment of international solidarity), and they did not decide quickly. The mass of college youth are making a similarly sober calculation today.

The upshot of this hard thinking has been no original arguments, but a firm faith in the standard isolationist position. Nothing worth the sacrifice is to be gained by death in foreign fields. Granting that the United States is menaced by a fascist victory, the danger is not so great as to make intervention the only defense. An adequate naval and air establishment, buttressed by a thoroughgoing system of Pan-American coöperation, would make Hitler keep his distance. Aside from the question of American self-interest, undergraduate editorials reiterate that our belligerence would not aid the cause of democracy the world over. If we go to war and forfeit our liberty, God knows if we will ever get it back; even Great Britain may be fascist by the time she wins. Better to remain at peace and ensure the existence and leadership of at least one powerful democracy after the holocaust is over.

Little is heard of the dictum that the war is imperialist and America has no interest in a victory of either side. The war *is* often considered imperialist, but that fact, if not totally irrelevant, is accepted as only half the story. More is at stake than the disposal of markets and raw materials. It is thus obvious that student pacifism cannot be equated with the negligible Communist influence on the campus.

Since democracy has a stake in an Allied victory, most students support aid to the Allies, short of war, although the percentage in favor is smaller than that in the country at large. A queasy confidence is expressed that aid can be kept short of war: if the determination to stay out is strong enough, it will prevail over all provocations. The vocal minority feels this view is unrealistic: the last war proves how powerful an undertow economic aid is in dragging a country into war. While we want to aid the Allies, our safety demands that we forgo that pleasure.

On the question of defense, there are remnants of the old liberal fear of huge armaments. The need for expansion of the military plant is admitted; but what assurance is there that the guns will not be for offense? There has been only scattered editorial comment on conscription, since the issue was raised at the end of the academic year. Students with whom I have spoken view it with suspicion: 4,000,000 reserves sound like an expeditionary force, not an army of defense.

This suspicion—of Roosevelt, of Congress, of the entire older generation—lies at the heart of youth's attitude toward the war. On the surface there is agreement with the interventionists: aid *short of war*, which ubiquitous phrase the students take very much to heart. Conflict arises with their elders because the tone, if not the words, of the interventionists suggest that they want war if and when the United States is prepared.

Last fall most college presidents and their faculties went to war, and they have spent the academic year vainly cajoling their students to follow them. The response of their charges has been aggrieved, but unequivocal. Leafing through the college papers, I find The Williams Record denouncing Professor Frederick L. Schuman for using his classroom as a soapbox: he "violates all the ethics of the teaching profession." An item in The Oberlin Review complains about a French teacher whose martial impulses outran his discretion. The University of Kansas Daily Kansan prints a pointed reminder that it is the students' lives, not the professors', which are at stake when war comes. At Harvard a "Committee for the Recognition of Classroom Generals" made its appearance. Tin soldiers and armchair citations were sent to five interventionist instructors. Gas-masked pickets paraded outside the classroom of one particularly belligerent history instructor.

Apart from this general feeling that the old men are engaged in a conspiracy to drag them into the trenches, the students' common attitude is one of all-pervasive gloom. At least a dozen people have told me: "It'll be hell either way, whether we get in or we don't." If we get in, there will be fascism at home and American young men dead abroad. If we don't get in, and Hitler wins, the necessity for huge armaments and a regimented economy may give us fascism anyway. (Nobody any longer mentions an Allied victory without American intervention.) Nevertheless, a dubious peace is preferred to a vain and certain death. About May 20, American college students were beginning to say, "From now on we'll have to hope for a quick German victory. It's the only way we'll stay out."

IRWIN ROSS

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"Gospodin Petrov Has Four Hats"

"GOSPODIN PETROV has four hats and six pairs of boots." It was thirty years ago come next Tuesday that I first read these words and encountered the sterling character of Mr. Petrov. I myself had four hats and six pairs of boots, including the waders for trout fishing. When I subsequently learned that Gospodin Petrov had a pack of wolf hounds and three cats, I knew him for a kindred spirit—a hunter, yet kind to animals.

Gospodin Petrov was and remains a character in Grigorievitch's "Russian for Beginners." My college friend, Preserved Butterworth, had come down to see me just after his return from a trip to Russia. "What sugar beets they grow there!" he said. He opened up his bag and pulled out the most enormous sugar beet I have ever laid eyes on. "And here," he said, "is a book on how to grow them." He handed me the book and I stared at it in consternation. "Heavens!" I cried. "It's in Russian."

"So it is," he admitted drily, and went on to talk about faro and gypsy girls. To him the whole thing was a joke.

But I was impulsive, and that very day I sent to Boston for a Russian grammar. Already I saw myself winning prizes at the state fair—and all through my application to learning. That would be a lesson to the ignorant mujiks hereabouts who are always grumbling about school taxes—though, don't misunderstand me, I myself am unalterably opposed to golden chandeliers in schoolhouses.

On Friday morning the book came. My progress at first was rapid and by Tuesday I met Gospodin Petrov. Now after thirty years, while the sugar-beet book gathers dust in the attic, I am beginning to suspect that I may not be a linguist after all. But each of life's disappointments has its compensation. I set out to acquire knowledge; instead, I gained a friend.

"Gospodin Petrov," I soon learned, "arises at seven and goes to bed at ten." I was glad to hear that. Yet after all Petrov was a foreigner. I approached the reflexive verbs and the declension of adjectives, fearing that some unworthy trait might crop up. But Petrov, it developed, washed his face and hands before breakfast. He ate meat but once a day, not out of poverty, for he possessed "much money and many books," but from a sense of moderation and fitness. Petrov's probity, however, was exposed to constant perils in the person of his lifelong friend, Gospodin N——, also a landowner in his way.

N—— was a disorderly character. He had only one hat and a single pair of boots. No mention is made of his morning ablutions. "Gospodin N—— arises at eleven and goes to bed at three. . . . Gospodin Petrov drinks pure spring water, but Gospodin N—— prefers vodka." I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Butterworth who had inherited a hundred acres of good land in Bixby County but never thought of keeping them up and insisted on speculating in cotton.

Despite their differences, Petrov and N—— go to Moscow together three times a year. They set out together at least. But "Gospodin Petrov arrives at the station on time and enters a first-class carriage. Gospodin N——, on the other hand, is ten minutes late." When N—— finally does catch a train, he travels third class. He could afford better, but he feels more at home among low characters.

The two men stop at the same hotel and often go out together. But they have not come for the same purposes. Gospodin Petrov has come on business. In his idle hours he "visits the libraries and museums." He likes to walk for his health. Gospodin N—— always takes a carriage. He goes to the races wearing a top hat, though we have previously learned that he has only one hat to his name. Consider the degrading spectacle of Gospodin N——, grimy and besotted, staggering about his neglected estates on a rainy day in a top hat.

Once the friends even to go Paris together. The trip is not undertaken lightly. An entire lesson, dealing with "place to which" and "place where" is required before they can agree on a destination. N——, as we may well expect, favors Paris from the start. "In Paris the wine is excellent," he argues. Petrov aims at higher things: "Vienna is known for its music, while London, though foggy, has the British Museum." In Paris Petrov visits the Louvre and rides horseback in the Bois. The two men have apparently quarreled, for they "inhabit" two different hotels. N——, it is evident,

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pays a pretty penny for his room, for "when Gospodin N—— turns the right-hand faucet, hot water gushes forth." Gushes, mind you, and that was in 1910. Petrov enjoys the opera, but N—— "prefers the Folies Bergère."

In 1917 there was some sort of revolution in Russia, though I did not take much interest at the time. But about 1921 my old Grigorievitch began to fall apart, so I sent to Boston for a new edition. The book that came was Grigorievitch, but then again it was not Grigorievitch. It bore the imprint of the State Publishing House. Many of the exercises were the same, but the words looked somehow strange to me. After days of scrutiny, I discovered that they had abolished the letter "yat"!

Full of foreboding I raced through the exercises, covering as many as five a week. What would happen to my friend Petrov in a social order where not even the alphabet was secure? In the first lessons there was no mention whatever of him or his hats. Instead I learned that "Comrade Shliapnikov has a gun and a loaf of bread." Well, I consoled myself, a man like Petrov would hardly be active in such times of unrest. He wouldn't wish to call attention to his extra hats.

It was not until I came to the passive voice that the bolt fell. "Gospodin Petrov has been shot as a kulak and counter-revolutionary. His estates have been confiscated." My only hope of comfort lay in seeking some mention of the profligate N——. If he too were dead, I should feel better. I ran through prepositions, perfective and imperfective verbs—nowhere a sign of N——. But knowing him as I did, I could see behind the scenes. He had squandered his substance on the races, vodka, women—until there was nothing left to confiscate. And then—instead of dying with Petrov or coming to his rescue—he had joined the revolutionaries.

My fears were confirmed the following year when I ran across an obscure little sentence I had missed the first time: "The pens and pencils of Commissar N—— are on the table." The turncoat!

My heart bled for Gospodin Petrov. Virtue had fallen on hard times, and even on this side of the ocean the situation was scarcely better. The bottom had fallen out of the farm-produce market, while Butterworth, having sold his land for a pittance, had cleaned up on the stock exchange.

For more than a decade I was mechanical and distraught about my Russian lessons. I had my original Grigorievitch rebound and considered discarding the new one. But you cannot turn the clock back. A voice inside me whispered: this is unreal. Yet sometimes in the autumn, as I tramped across the woodland meadows, I would reflect how Gospodin Petrov, my old friend, my brother Jonathan, would have enjoyed these walks. And I caught myself murmuring: "Gospodin Petrov has four hats and six pairs of boots."

The grammars kept falling apart through the years and listlessly I kept ordering new ones. One day my faith was rewarded. In the 1936 edition Gospodin Petrov suddenly returned to life. He was no longer a Gospodin, to be sure, for externals change. He was now Comrade Petrov, a high official in the Soviet diplomatic service. At first I feared he might be a relative or someone by the same name, but his identity was soon established. Comrade Petrov had "four hats and six pairs of boots." He arose at seven, went to bed at ten, excepting, I presume, when important diplomatic functions kept him up later. He now had a private car, but that was only in keeping with the times: I too have a private car. He still preferred the opera to the music hall and still engaged in arguments—now with Commissar N——. But, rather surprisingly, N—— preferred Berlin for its punctuality, while Petrov preferred Paris, "because it is more democratic."

In my joy at seeing him alive, I cried aloud: "Comrade or Mister, I salute you, friend Petrov."

When I came to the defective verbs in this edition, Commissar N——'s vices at last caught up with him. The sentences had become difficult. New words kept creeping in. But finally I deciphered the exercises in question: "Commissar N——," I read, "is a putrid remnant of the old social order. He has been arrested for drunkenness and corruption. . . . Comrade Petrov loves Stalin, father of peoples, but Comrade N—— associates with Trotsky and the Gestapo." Moreover, Comrade N—— "has embezzled state funds for purposes of debauch." It was with some misgivings that I anticipated a trial. The legal expressions would be so difficult. What, for instance, would be the Russian word for "subpoena"? I was greatly relieved to learn in the very next lesson that N—— had been "liquidated." No subpoenas, no witnesses, no cross-examination, no lawyers. It was much easier than I had expected.

My principles have been vindicated, but I am not a man to gloat. All I can say is that everything is for the best in the best of Russian grammars.

As for Preserved Butterworth, he pulled out of the crash with a few thousand dollars, but instead of buying a farm as I advised, he invested in pocket golf. For a while he prospered, but when that childish craze went out of style, his fortunes rapidly declined. He is now living in my back parlor, a physical, moral and financial wreck, but still alive. I can explain his survival only by the fact that in America the moral law is fulfilled less violently than in Russia. Its workings here are mostly financial: in 1932, for instance, I began to raise soy beans and have been doing nicely ever since. With the resurrection of Petrov I feel that the world is "on its feet."

Only the letter "yat," I regret to say, has not been restored.

RALPH MARLOWE

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Washington Notes

Wanted—a Rearmament Program

THE MOST ABSORBING SUBJECT HERE, with the possible exception of the Chicago convention and the third term, is in the progress of the armament program, soon to total more than ten billions. Messrs. Stettinius and Knudsen have been installed in the architecturally superb Federal Reserve Building for about a month. They have collected large, impressive staffs. What have they accomplished?

You can hear incessant discussions, innumerable opinions. But, at least to me, no judgment is possible. The brutal fact is that we are embarking on a preparedness program without deciding what we are preparing against, and manufacturing weapons with only a vague notion of how and when they will be used. To pronounce on Messrs. Stettinius and Knudsen is like trying to decide Lewis Carroll's caucus race.

The War Department's official slogan, "preparedness for any eventuality," is nothing you can sink your teeth into. No nation has ever been prepared for all conceivable situations. Formally, at any rate, we are still trying to equip and train the "initial protective force" and the "protective mobilization-plan force," both of which have been recently increased in size. Up until a few days ago, the equipment for these troops was a known, specified matter. Now, however, the old equipment schedules have been tossed aside, and the first United States *Panzerdivision* has been authorized under Brigadier-General Chaffee. Other *Panzerdivisionen* will eventually be added. This shift is, of course, urgently necessary. The original schedules, drawn up in 1939, would have given us divisions greatly inferior to the Germans in mechanized equipment and fire-power. Nevertheless, it is also true that this country is being asked to equip an army of uncertain size with weapons yet to be decided on.

This may seem captious. But we have before us the horrible example of France. We ought not to be obliged to repeat the French mistakes. As far back as Munich, informed Frenchmen knew that Germany's production of military airplanes was rapidly expanding, that Germany's high command was developing new techniques of mechanized warfare. In the Polish campaign, these techniques were publicly displayed. But even patriotic French leaders like M. Reynaud seem never to have forced the French general staff to formulate an intelligible counter-program.

Maybe what Messrs. Stettinius and Knudsen are doing is utterly inadequate. How can we know, how can they themselves know, until the War and Navy Departments say what armaments are required? Our detailed military plans are secret, and properly so. But that is no reason why the military situation, at least in general terms, cannot be explained to Congress, and to the country. Suppose the worst—that Britain is defeated and her fleet lost to Germany. Do General Marshall and Admiral Stark and their respective aides think that Hitler could then attack the United States, and through what means and how soon?

We need a working hypothesis about the military dangers ahead. Let me give two examples. The contracts that Messrs. Stettinius and Knudsen are negotiating will not bear results until around August, 1941. Are General Marshall and Admiral Stark reasonably sure that we are safe until then? Has anyone asked them their opinion? If they aren't sure, quite obviously we ought to be concentrating on emergency preparations. We ought to be scratching together an air force. There is only one place to obtain additional military pilots in a hurry—from the civilian air-transport lines. These pilots ought to be drafted at once.

Again, take Latin America. If a Nazi-inspired revolt should break out in the southernmost republics—Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, Brazil—what can we, and ought we, to do? Have we sufficient military strength to send an expeditionary force four or five thousand miles from home? Many amateur strategists here think not. If we haven't, should we not at this moment be endeavoring to fight the Nazis in South America with their own methods—trebling and quadrupling our diplomatic missions, subsidizing local anti-Nazi groups, spreading pro-United States propaganda?

On the first clear social issue that has arisen under the armament program, Mr. Roosevelt has won a notable victory. The War and Navy Departments, backed by the Defense Advisory Commission, asked him to use his special statutory powers to set aside the wages-and-hours law in the case of corporations manufacturing munitions. Mr. Roosevelt flatly declined, laying down the principle that there should be no increase in the work week until the employable unemployed have been absorbed.

The task of procuring workers for the armament program is now being taken over by Mr. Sidney Hillman, recovered from his recent illness. He is endeavoring to use a "sifting-up" process—the only sound method for an emergency. It is almost the exact reverse of the original, pre-Hillman programs of the NYA and the CCC. Mr. Hillman is combing the United States for old men—men who have been highly skilled workers and have retired. Or perhaps, because of bad times, they have had to abandon their trades for other work. As men of the longest experience and greatest skill are fitted into the top jobs, men of slightly less experience and skill will be moved up a grade. The process will be repeated again and again until, at the bottom of the pyramid, jobs will be opened to untrained youths. Essentially, the "sifting-up" process is no more than the everyday matter of younger men succeeding older men, but here speeded up to the ultimate degree.

As advisers and aides, Mr. Hillman has surrounded himself with some of the ablest men in the railroad brotherhoods, the AFL and the CIO. There is great hope here that this group will be able to bring about peace and unity in the organized labor movement. It must regretfully be added that this hope partly rests on the belief that Mr. John L. Lewis' prestige and influence are steadily shrinking, and that the long-standing enmities between him and the AFL leaders will not bedevil future peace negotiations. It may be that Mr. Lewis' enemies are rejoicing prematurely; funeral orations have been pronounced over him before. However, there is no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt and the New Dealers are enormously anxious for labor peace, and that there will be a steady pressure on Mr. Hillman's group to achieve it.

Washington T. R. B.

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Other People's Money

Who's Going to Pay for Defense?

I FIND not a little curiosity about the effects which our great armament program will have on business. The feeling that it is going to pep things up forms a sort of pleasant meat base for the sauce of patriotism which glistens on it. Good old Bridgeport, which boiled like a mining camp with the prosperity of the last war, is beginning to look a little like its old self. Waterbury and Hartford, the whole Naugatuck Valley, Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Bethlehem, Wilmington, Cleveland and a host of other industrial cities hum with the pleasant stir of busy citizens enjoying the delightful combination of the terror of Hitler and the full pay envelope. The feeling that the war may end abruptly hangs over the scene of course, but during the last month this fear is mitigated by the prospect of America's gigantic effort to keep Hitler from wading across the Atlantic.

There is, however, one fly in the ointment, to which our citizens wisely and happily pay no attention. It would only spoil the fun. This is the little matter of cost. The defense program to date, already approved or about to be, comes to nine billions. A week ago I included an additional three billions proposed for army mechanization—which would make the total twelve billions. But already this sum is being expanded and before it is ended this will doubtless be an additional five instead of three billions, which will make the total fourteen billions.

These immense sums must, of course, be raised in some way. They can be borrowed at the banks like our depression debt, but that will be a little difficult and, to say the least, not wise. They can be raised by taxes. But that will produce some little squeals of pain, particularly after the present crisis is over. I repeat, it seems almost like bad manners to be insisting on introducing so disagreeable a subject into such a happy party. But this matter of taxes is really worth a passing sentence. The notion that we shall squeeze these billions out of the hides of the rich is not to be nursed for a moment.

In 1939 our income-tax collections totaled $2,181,000,000. Already income taxes have been boosted, but only enough to produce a few hundred millions. The other tax boosts find their way into the pay envelopes of the lower income-tax groups through hidden taxes. We cannot very well go much further with excise taxes. And at what spot shall they be imposed?

Now of course we can say that we will spread this twelve or fourteen billions over twelve or fourteen years. But we remember that when we have produced this magnificent armada, these vast flocks of planes and this great army of drilling youths, some billions will be required annually to keep them in existence. I take it that it is now assumed that all this effort is going to wipe out most of our relief expenditures because of the creation of our new and glorious war industry. That is a rosy view. But let it pass. Another rosy view is that the little boom which these expenditures will start will continue to flourish year after year. But let that pass too.

Let us get back to our twelve or fourteen billions and the taxes. We shall certainly, if we are dealing honestly with our books, have to raise still another billion in taxes. The gentlemen with incomes of over a million a year enjoyed incomes in 1939 totaling $85,000,000. The government took $61,000,000 of that in taxes. I take it we will not go very much further on that front. The people with incomes of $100,000 and over had total incomes of $854,000,000. The government took $431,000,000 of that—something over half of it.

These figures deal with the tax situation before the billion-dollar boost of this year. It seems clear that we cannot look for very much additional revenue from this source. First of all it is pretty well tapped. And second, the holy war against the rich is over. We are now a united people in the presence of a terrible threat. Rich and poor alike work as Americans beside each other to save the country. We cannot be ungracious.

It begins to look, therefore, as if we shall have to descend upon the lower income brackets. And it is a very modest assumption that any honest tax policy will have to consider the doubling of income taxes on incomes below $26,000, and large increases on incomes from $26,000 to $50,000. Incomes from $5,000 to $26,000 have been singularly favored in the last seven years. The President boasted in the 1936 campaign that he had not raised the taxes there at all. They did indeed suffer from large increases in state income taxes—along with other groups. Now they have had to bear a boost in this year's tax bill and they will suffer many another boost before these bills are paid.

These taxes will have to be weighed against any rosy vistas of recovery that may be entertained. Not that taxes need necessarily prevent a wholesome recovery. And—always—keep in mind whatever reservations you may have about building recovery on an armament program. My own feeling is that the taxes will be resisted as long as possible and that this job will be done with borrowed funds until we come to the end of that road.

The plants that have the ability to make arms, ships, planes and the parts of all these are well stocked to capacity with orders now. The collapse of the French did not alter this, since the French orders were promptly taken over by the British. What the collapse of the British would do I cannot say. Perhaps the American government might take over their orders. On the other hand, the collapse of the British might put an end to the hysteria, or at least greatly lessen it.

The recovery effects of the whole program are, of course, as yet unevenly spread around the country and must be balanced against the depressing effects produced upon various industries and commodity groups which have been hit as hard as other industries have been helped. Should the war come to an end, we may look for some boost to those farm industries injured by the war. The problem of feeding Europe will be a gigantic one. America may then get an opportunity to show who are the real isolationists. Any talk of lending money to bankrupt Europe must be dismissed. Europe could never repay it and the loans would merely be sowing the seeds of further trouble. We must then give—not lend—and this will offer an opportunity to be rid of some of those paralyzing surpluses which hang over our farms.

JOHN T. FLYNN

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Voices, When the Wind Is Right

THERE IS ALWAYS something lovely and arresting to the heart about a plain song, when it comes unannounced from some place or time where people lived and worked by it. Even the antiquaintuaries cannot spoil the fact that an old song which is good counter still is a song that was too good and tough to die, and would not be buried.

Some of the good ones are forgotten for awhile, for a dozen years or a hundred—and then they come all the more sweetly for the neglect. Many have forgotten My Lady Greensleeves, but now comes Vaughan Williams with something he calls Greensleeves Fantasia. Fantasia it may be, but if you have a friend Jim with an Elizabethan songbook you will find it a nice and airy arrangement of the old Greensleeves tune (played by the Jaques Orchestra for Columbia; 69735-D; $1.50). It is a song of one of the true composers, whose name I believe is Anon, and it is back again as lovely as if it had never been away.

I am all for songs but not much for singers as a rule. The whole art of using the voice seems to have been studied with such violent success that the general idea of singing is a mixture of elocution-school, crêpe-hair dramatics and getting purple in the face. In the theatre such strenuous workings over of such bankrupt emotions are known as scenery chewing and as practised on any legitimate instrument, such as the banjo, would get a man heaved out of Local 802. It isn't too much to say that, among the weary stretches of accepted concert soloists, to nine out of ten *con amore* means something approximate to Al Jolson singing Sonny Boy and *con brio* means you jump a little and wiggle your ears.

I suppose the trouble is that the human instrument cannot be turned and fitted like a Selmer special, so that when you blow D, D comes out, and that's all there is to it. The effort of the individual singer to approximate an arbitrary norm for all voices has got so prominent in his life that he just hasn't any time left for music. He has learned breathing and he breathes all over the place; he has learned diaphragm control and you are practically going to put your hand on it. It probably isn't that there are so few natural voices, but so few singers who find a way to use the natural voice they were born with, on music as such.

The jazz tradition in America, with its folk tributaries, has opened up the field for a whole range of voices, which have developed without forcing into a personal expression that will keep them forever safe from the standard larynx of the Metropolitan. In our time there have been Bessie Smith (the late) with her immense blues, Mildred Bailey, lost without a microphone yet with one of the truest and most lifting voices ever heard; Jack Teagarden with music all around him; the blues shouters from Kansas City, James Rushing and Joe Turner; the widely different styles of Pinetop Smith (the honkeytonk entertainer) and Maxine Sullivan, and the Golden Gate Quartet. Most of them have been mentioned here at one time or another; all of them are not only genuine, but they have through radio and phonograph become common property.

There are others more instrumental than vocal, among which I should list the Six Spirits of Rhythm; and there are others much more off the beaten track. Before Brunswick ceased to be a separate company it had gone down into deep Mississippi somewhere and discovered Robert Johnson, picking at a guitar and singing real low-down blues of his own composition, and recorded him (Kind Hearted Woman and Terraplane Blues; Vocalion 03416; 35 cents). If you want to know what true regional blues singing is like, complete with falsetto, you can forget Mr. Lomax's Leadbetter, who has three chords and four notes but a long, fascinating knife. If you can still get hold of the Johnson record, it's all there. ("She's a kind-hearted woman, she studies evil all the time.")

A lot different but no less native is an album Victor has just got out (M-604; eight 10-inch sides; $6.50), of the surviving balladry in the Kentucky and North Carolina hills. John Jacob Niles, whose father sang the old songs, has been collecting them from revivalists and folk sings—the hundred-odd different versions of Barberry Ellen, for example—and making and playing dulcimers and such like, studying to sing the mountain songs in the peculiar mountain tenor, which is a very high gentle tenor breaking over the line into falsetto by the same conscious design as yodelers employ. The Gypsy Laddie is in this album, as well as Barberry Ellen, and the Coventry Carol, all authenticated ballads of sixteenth-century England; but all learned from the marvelous preservation of word-of-mouth bequest, which keeps intact such phrases as "He rode twill he came to a village town on the side of the river Dee-Oh."

Mr. Niles is a student of balladry and has published a book; but you would not know it from his singing—which is all to the good, as singing may be studied but must not sound so. The voice is not only musical, but has that indescribable quality of belief, of speaking directly from the heart through music. The best example of this is in a ballad he could never trace, heard once from an evangelist troupe that had been ordered out of town by sundown—a song whose unresolved minor points back over many generations: I Wonder as I Wander. It is constantly fresh and lovely as only simple things can be, and mysterious too, and you may play it every Christmas eve:

> I wonder as I wander out under the sky,
> How Jesus our Saviour did come for to die
> For poor orn'ry people like you and like I. . . .
> I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

I don't know who got the idea first, but Columbia has also got out an eight-side album called "Old World Ballads in America" (M-408; $4.50), sung and played on the dulcimer by Andrew Rowan Summers. This is what I should call the not-ballad, or *con expresione*, or wrong type of doing plain song, wherein the singer picks out emphasized notes in every measure and lets himself go on them without regard to sense or phrasing or the monotony of musical sound especially as it is produced with a studied tonsil. You will only need to buy it if you need comparisons.

To come nearer to our own particular origins, I'd like to suggest a couple of records of modest price sung by the ever modest Bing Crosby. Bing has been out front so long that everybody knows about him. Or do they? As discovered in a West Coast theatre by Whiteman in the middle twenties, and groomed into the lead man of the Rhythm Boys, he became associated with the bodledee-o-dup school of scat singers; later as an independent radio and movie voice he was identified with the dread word crooner.

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Actually, he has the easiest delivery of any singer in the country, natural rhythm and phrasing, and a vocal apparatus too highly developed for any machine to tabulate. With Mildred Bailey he shares the patent on a perfect center of pitch and the widening circumference of overtone that makes a voice music. Now only recently he has begun to do over some of the fine songs—Stephen Foster, for example. If he'll take a tip, he will go through the Foster books, and the Gershwin book, and the Berlin and Jerome Kern books too.

But there are two Decca records already out that I should like to recommend: I Dream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair, and Beautiful Dreamer (3098, 3118; 35 cents each). Surely if there is anyone Foster himself would like to hear singing those deep-chorded harmonies, it is this man with a voice which seems to indicate the chord change with each note, so free of pretensions and so full of the original wonder, so artless, homely and right. Bing not only has a voice, but he comes to the songs with the idea of finding the music in them, and when he comes to "Old Folks at Home" you will not have to understand the words to get the sad and happy memory of better days long gone.

The backing of Jeannie is a thing of little account. But the other side of Beautiful Dreamer is probably the best of the group—Lehar's Yours Is My Heart Alone. It is one of the lovely sentimental songs to begin with, and Bing Crosby does it with such effortless grace that you only realize now how much of it has been Sleeping Beauty. Again for a comparison, I suggest Richard Tauber's full-dress version for the Decca Personality Series, where a simple and intimate theme is touched up with the vocal attack of something Wagnerian and muscle-bound, a love song challenging the dragon to come out and fight like a man. The human voice, as demonstrated again by Tauber, can be a wonderful organ; but even organs should not be played as a Paramount Theatre overture by Jesse Crawford. Bing comes to the translation of this piece from Viennese operetta as though he had made it up and made it to sing, and it lives so naturally in the air you might well forget the word "phrasing" in this nearly perfect example of it—the main outline as inevitable to its place as a landscape of foothills, the lift or fall of each tone instinctively measured for its own value and for its passing relation to what went before and is still to come. There is not a miss, a fake, a bravura or moment of panic in it; there is just the fine glow of speech rhythm turned into music with as little apparent strain or forcing as you will find in the running phrases of bird calls.

Everyone makes his own list, but no such catalogue is complete without Louis Armstrong, who has recently come to his senses about having good men behind him as well as out front, and now records (for Decca) the tune By and By, a sort of spiritual modified for full band and incidental shouting. This one is just another of many, but the real thing just the same—the sadness and hope of heaven and jumping rhythm; the open-bell trumpet tones and that magnificent husky voice of his. It is a mixture of horseplay and the faith of fathers, and not to be imitated. Not to be snooted either. It's from the kind of heart that can shout for glory in the midst of trouble; and surely no band of sinners here below ever took their simple prayers and so raised them clear to Jesus.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

For the last eleven years the Willkies have lived in New York City, in a Fifth Avenue apartment across from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Their one son, twenty-year-old Philip, attended Princeton, and this year received the "most likely to succeed" vote of the senior class, although he failed to graduate. – *UP dispatch to The Chicago Daily News.*

"General Arnold advised me," he [Senator Lister Hill] said, "that from the picture they have of the German bomb sights and the other information they have of the German bombsight, and from the results that they know have been gotten from this bombsight, that the Germans have a good bombsight but that none of these facts show that the Germans have our bombsight. The fact of the matter is that the pictures of the bombsight show that whereas some of the features of the German bombsight are similar to the features of our bombsight that in many ways the German bombsight is not like our bombsight." – *United Press dispatch from Washington in The Pittsburgh Press.*

Dr. and Mrs. J.W. Crofoot, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Boland and Betty drove to the Brookfield zoo in Illinois Sunday, where they visited their various relatives. – *News item in The Milton Junction (Wis.) Telephone.*

Won't Be Down to Get You in a Taxi, Comrade

In this atmosphere of confidence, the Italians did not bother this morning to meet Nikolai Gorelchin, the Soviet ambassador, who returned today after having left Italy in a huff exactly six months ago before he had presented his credentials. The Soviet chargé d'affaires, Helfand, explained that it was no slight not to meet him since he had already arrived once before. – *Special radio dispatch from Rome to The Chicago Daily News.*

And Vice Versa

In Monday's article the phrase, "The middle classes put Hitler into power and the other people have been eliminated by his program" should have read "but they are the people who have been eliminated." The phrase, "They do not argue with Mr. Dewey" should have read, "They do not agree with Mr. Dewey." – *From Dorothy Thompson's column in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Addresse Oblige

Let those who don't believe the social revolution has already taken place read these lines. A quarter of a century ago our hero was a handsome young lad, bearer of a GREAT American name. His string of show-horses won blues and silver cups at the better horse-shows. His riding togs were fashioned by the most expensive tailors and every luxury was his. Later he disappeared. Those close to his family realized his mind had given 'way, following a breakdown. But his socially consequential parents, intimates of Astors, Vanderbilts, etc., could see to it that their unfortunate son had every comfort. He was placed in a sanitarium at Beacon, N. Y., where he remained until recently when he was transferred to a small, private hospital in Westchester, his parents having lost their once-large fortune. Bravely, however, his father and mother have him listed in The 1940 Social Register as living with them in their small suite at a Park Avenue hotel. – *Cholly Knickerbocker in The New York Journal-American.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Assignment

SIR: You could do a service while there is still time to tell things.

In the discussions of the allotments of contracts for defense, to the large shipowners, said by army and navy spokesmen to have been cool to the proposal of only seven-percent profits, these army and navy spokesmen came forward in behalf of the shipowners for 10 percent to 12 percent in profits. Who are these shipowners, by name, and what do they stand for, so far as democratic American processes are concerned, for high standards for workers, and civil liberties (economic and political)? Let us hear about them in their words and deeds of the recent past. What are they to be entrusted to do, for Democracy? Where do their sympathies lie, with regard to Nazi methods of suppression of unions and subjugation of the working classes?

And who, by name, are the army and navy spokesmen, that, instead of lashing the shipowners for demanding their pound of flesh in this hour of supposed need and emergency, are pleading their cause? What do *they* stand for, and what are their sympathies and interests? Knowing now, that in the European countries which have fallen, it was the army and navy officers and the large industrialists who financed and spread the Nazi and Fascist cause, why are no protective measures being taken *now*, by this country, to ferret out and remove them from their posts?

It isn't the poor aliens (against whom such hysteria is being loosed) who will be the menace to such liberties as still exist (though the German and Italian aliens may well be suspect), nor is it the workers anxious to protect their hardly won gains. They are the ones who believe in democracy and will fight for it. But it is in those others, in high places, who are protected instead of exposed, that danger lies. This is a job for you.

NORMA LEIGH

Los Angeles, Calif.

Ostrich!

SIR: Don't mind me, but you boys are getting too belligerent. And I am getting weary of your claim of being "realistic." One more word goes into disrepute. And you can't answer me by hollering "ostrich!" I just happen to be one of those minority people who have a deep conviction that wars today are worse than any peace effort. It pains me to see you ambling along as apologists for FDR's foreign policy (a war policy if I ever saw one) and still calling yourselves liberal. It's sabotage, gentlemen, it's sabotage. But I still like John Flynn.

Lincoln, Nebr. LEON THOMSON

Borderline Democracy

SIR: An anti-war petition, among whose signers I am listed, has just appeared. This letter illustrates the razor-edge that I believe Americans concerned with the values in this war must walk. We live in a borderline democracy, whose benefits must daily be extended; but anyone who has known these benefits realizes that fascism is worse than war. Many of the gains that keep us on the "borderline" would necessarily be lost from M-Day on; the threats of conscription are very great. But our individual responsibility is great as well. A list of United States agencies for Allied aid appears in one national magazine this week. It contains an answer for almost every shade of belief. I found my answer there, and I believe that if such a list were published in other magazines, many of those who have been calling for the forced entrance of the American people into war might find theirs.

New York City MURIEL RUKEYSER

How Much Chaos on the Left?

SIR: I left the Young Communist League way back in the dim past of 1936 because five years of activity aimed at the destruction of "capitalist democracy" was hardly fit training for the opposite role of its protector. I am not here being holier-than-thou or attempting to sneer at Granville Hicks [The New Republic, June 17] for not having come to similar conclusions sooner than he did. I am sincerely anxious to learn how it is presently possible "to work for the old ends." I am not as sure as is Mr. Hicks that the split in the Left is just a split and not chaos. If he can only indicate which side "we can choose," he would be performing a service of immeasurable value.

Brooklyn, N. Y. IS WOLF

"No Conscious Villainy"

SIR: The premise of a respectable adverse criticism of a book is the faithful report of its contents. This is self-evident. The reviewer who bears false witness to destroy or to damn with faint praise stultifies himself. Most readers know that when an author rushes to the defense of his work, he has an ax to grind. Few realize that when a reviewer is confronted by a book which challenges the bases of his intellectual and spiritual being, he too has an ax to grind. If the challenge is deep, he will be tempted, by a process that may remain unconscious, to denature the book in order to defend himself from its implications, I mention this in order to make clear that I impute no conscious villainy to Mr. Cowley.

His review of "Chart for Rough Water" (June 10) has three elements more or less mingled. The first consists of allusions direct or indirect to the manner and habits of writing of the author, which are objectionable to Mr. Cowley. This fault-finding on the basis of taste is legitimate, provided it does not impair the objectivity of the reviewer. The second element is a summary of the author's philosophy of the past and program for the future; the third is the reviewer's conclusions. In the second—the reporting—part of the review, Mr. Cowley fails by both commission and omission. He has the author calling the "Great Tradition . . . essentially Jewish," a dangerous distortion of the text which places the center of the Great Tradition squarely in Christian Europe, and in the America of the future. He has the author stating that "the Great Tradition reigned supreme . . . from the fifth century to the sixteenth. Only with the rise of capitalism and Protestantism did it begin to be questioned": a betrayal of the text whose analysis of the failures of medieval culture makes it responsible for the modern failures. He has the author "interpreting Europe purely in terms of ideas" and "failing to consider the influence of geography or race or forms of government or methods of production, to mention only a few of the factors that other writers have stressed": a falsification of the author's point which is to take as *given* many of these factors and to stress others commonly neglected. He accuses the author of seeing in Christianity "a mere continuation of Judaism" despite the text's accent of "the alliance of the individual will" as exemplified in Socrates and Jesus "with

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the conceptual mind of the Greeks, St. Paul, St. John, the Patrists, make the marriage. Now Europe is ready to be born."

Such errors of reporting (there are others) are serious, but pale beside the errors of omission. The thesis of "Chart for Rough Water" is built on a few careful definitions—all of which, right or wrong, the reviewer ignores. The *individual* is defined through his history; and the *person* through his necessary emergence as the result of our world of economic forces and in his dynamic integral relation with the group. Of all this, nothing. *Collectivism* is taken by the author, through his study of economics, as inevitable and is dissociated from *socialism*, which the book posits upon the hazardous growth of human freedom. Of all this, nothing. The conclusions concerning the moot preparedness of our common culture for such growth are derived from a critique of empirical rationalism as contrasted with other organic rationalisms. Of all this, nothing. The directives of social reconstruction are made dependent upon two bases, both of which include the orthodox Marxist doctrine of revolutionary class action: what is defined as a new "synthesis value" dialectically emerging from the medieval "thesis value" of well-being; and the social content and dynamic of the person. "*In the person, the soul becomes coincident with behavior and existence. Therefore it cannot be divided from its content, one aspect of which is social; nor can its deeds be divided from their content, one aspect of which is their social results.*" Of this, too, nothing. His conclusion, therefore, that the author clings "to the deepst of liberal delusions, that there can be a spiritual rebirth of society resulting from the conversion of individuals" is as false as the tone-deaf critique of a sonata, as the color-blind view of an oil painting.

Throughout, the reviewer suggests that the author's position is analogous to "the general trend of authoritarian thought," and indeed that in his constructive phases he is not distinguishable from the pro-fascist Catholics. But all this is based on examples of the fallacy of the "undistributed middle" so profuse that only a point by point confrontation of the review's innuendos with the book's text would expose the falsehood. For which, space is lacking. . . . Let the reader who is interested in this report by the literary editor of The New Republic upon a serious book study the evidence at first hand. He will then be in a position to judge what I believe to be important: whether this review at this hour throws any general light upon the American dangers which the book itself discusses.

WALDO FRANK

New York City

[The author complains that, as a result of intellectual limitations, I was not able to give a complete picture of his 182-page book. Mr. Frank must have similar limitations, since he is not able to give a fair picture of a one-and-a-half-page review.

Obviously the review could not and did not try to summarize all Mr. Frank's arguments; there was no space for that. What it did try to summarize was his philosophy of European history, as set forth in Chapter IV of "Chart for Rough Water." In so doing it made one mistake, since it should have said that Mr. Frank's Great Tradition was *in its origins* essentially Jewish (see pp. 102 ff.). On page 109, Mr. Frank says that "the great contribution of Jesus is *will*." On page 112, he says that "the Jew's trait, under all metamorphoses, is *will*." The first of these statements seems to me a grotesque misreading of the New Testament; the second an added reason (I had mentioned others) for saying that Mr. Frank treats Christianity as a mere continuation of Judaism.

Readers who are interested in other points at issue are referred to the book; it is worth reading in these days of crisis. Mr. Frank, in a less prophetic mood, should reread it himself, to see what he actually said. — M.C.]

What About Your Own Initials?

SIR: The initials of the last President who led the United States into a European war were W. W. Ah, well, lay it to astrology.

New Haven, Conn. F. R.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

For publishing the Frankfurter-Stone decisions ("Religious Freedom: A Debate," June 24) we have the thanks of Edward J. McGurty of Alberquerque, who says this is more important and worse than the Dred Scott decision. Ethel I. Brown of Newburgh, New York, is also glad we took up the question and disappointed in Mr. Justice Frankfurter, whose reasoning she accuses of being "subtle, lengthy, evasive and very modest."

As long as people think so hard about America and war our mail on the subject will continue to be heavy if not varied—except that it goes in waves: one week we enrage the tub-thumpers; the next week we are called the tub-thumpers. Mary Thomas of Chicago accuses us of using "all the old demagogic tricks of hate phraseology, hoping no doubt that we will be drawn in and thus increase the slaughter." She goes on to psychoanalyze liberal editors. James R. Robinson of New York City says we have turned our coat and now want to "sacrifice" democracy abroad. Why no opinions from prominent pacifists? he asks; and tries his own hand at explanation: "because you never gave the radical pacifist point of view any hearing, you were never basically against war." Karl R. Korstad of Redby, Minnesota, says he is not going to be able to read our tub-thumping much longer, having become enlightened by reading "Exile's Return" once.

We haven't been able to run off a fraction of the votes dissenting from Archibald MacLeish's stand in "Post-war Writers and Pre-war Readers" (June 10), but the result is a pre-war reading landslide. Naomi L. Wood of New York City says: "Many of us have our passionate beliefs," though these have been conditioned more by events than by men at a typewriter. "I think we lost faith in many of the dreams of our elders simply because our elders so often said one thing and did another." Harding Bancroft of Arden, New York, brings up another point. "One wonders, for example, if the youth of the fascist countries had a little more of this 'dangerous' distrust of the Word, could they have been so easily led?" A letter from Cambridge, Massachusetts, signed jointly by Dorothy M. Glaser and Catherine T. Corson, says that along with the not-to-be-distrusted phrases of "fight for democracy" and "war to end wars," how about a few more verbal nightcaps from Red Riding Hood for youth to believe, such as "England, the bearer of the white man's burden?" Why stop at Remarque? What's the matter with Tolstoy, or the New Testament? What do you read? Wadsworth Mulrooney writes from New York City to point out that the past tense of die is dead, but that all depends on who construes it. Albert Fowler estimates from Syracuse that now Mr. MacLeish, "beyond the age for active service in the army," reconsiders his position as one who peeked behind the tags and battle cries and found them a lot of painted cheesecloth, he is sorry he peeked, or at least doesn't want anyone else to. From Clayton H. Gill of Evanston, Illinois: "MacLeish suggests that authors should restrain their doubts in 'any but the most ordered and settled times.' Thus, when affairs run smoothly enough to guarantee that the questioner will be regarded as a wet blanket, he will be tolerated." Henry Alsberg, from up-country in Peekskill, makes a free-semantic or Stuart Chase translation, of the MacLeish thesis: "If the young generation is distrustful of all bla bla, of bla and bla, then it is incapable of using the only weapon with which fascism can be fought—the bla bla that bla is evil and a bla society of bla men is worth fighting for." Or bla-ing for.

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Books in Review

Hitler's Secret Weapon

THIS BOOK[1] is an expert guide to the technique of psychological warfare, 1940 style. It is the first discerning and comprehensive discussion I have seen of those new and shattering factors in the war of nerves that helped vanquish Poland, Norway, the Low Countries and France. Mr. Taylor puts it all down in black, white and red. He charts and analyzes not merely the propaganda devices of the Germans, but also the internal sources of defeatism in the allied countries, especially France, which made German victory inevitable. No one need wonder any longer what Hitler's secret weapon is. Mr. Taylor tells us plainly. It is the vicious circle whereby propaganda produced defeatism, and defeatism produced more and more propaganda, which flourished in the soup of defeatism like streptococcus in a septic throat.

"I am not interested in the massacre of ideas as such," Mr. Taylor begins, "but in the impact on human beings of ideas used as weapons." This is the keynote of his book. An idea can kill. A lie can kill. The Germans used dive bombers and parachutists in France and Belgium, but they were not more lethal than the "nerve shock" skillfully produced by the use of words, images, emotions, ideas. These were systematically prepared in advance and then let loose with appalling effect in the concentration that best served their purpose.

Mr. Taylor's "Strategy of Terror" is an intermixture of two methods. Most of his chapters begin as political essays, and finish in the shape of diaries kept by himself and his wife from mid-1939 until early 1940. The political essays contain Mr. Taylor's conclusions; the diaries—those of his wife in particular—present vividly the day-to-day impact of the crisis on their minds, as the surf of great events beats about them. The essays are in reality generalizations from the evidence of the diaries, which moreover give the book a consistent narrative quality.

Mr. Taylor tries to break down the psychological weapons used by Hitler into a number of concrete catagories. All had one common denominator, the use of ideas as weapons; all had a common objective, the dissolution and destruction of French morale. It is quite clear from Mr. Taylor's account that the failure of General This-or-That to hold one group of bridges, or of the general staff as a whole to understand the technique of Blitzkrieg, played only secondary roles in the collapse of France. What did cause the French disintegration and collapse was a pervasive defeatism, a lack of moral stamina, an atrophy of the will to win, on which the Germans sucked and fed.

Mr. Taylor's book is devoted largely to France, because he lived there for many years (as correspondent of The Chicago Tribune) and knows the situation in France best. He describes how Munich was a "moral Caporetto," opening the way to "social decomposition . . . by attack from within." Consider this paragraph:

> To understand why the defeat of Munich was for the French such a grave one it is necessary to make an effort of the imagination. Imagine that at the battle of Verdun the French general staff had concluded that the cost of holding the position was too great to justify the attempt, but had been ordered by the government to do so, for reasons of morale. Imagine the generals quarreling among themselves and with the government as to whether the order should be obeyed. Imagine them ordering the troops to hold their positions at any cost, then secretly sabotaging their own orders by passing the word along that the situations were untenable. Imagine them falsifying communiqués, exaggerating losses, to influence public opinion, ordering a retreat provided it was carried out gradually and with dignity. Imagine some of the troops refusing to retreat, even on orders, others throwing down their rifles and running, or fraternizing with the enemy. Imagine the enemy converting the retreat into a rout and taking Verdun without a battle. Finally imagine the censorship abolished and the affair being thrashed out publicly and in anger, with the partisans of withdrawal celebrating the victory of the enemy in the streets of Paris.

But behind Munich were other factors. One was French pacifism, founded on the instinct of self-preservation. "Nationalism was the greatest political force of the nineteenth century, but pacifism is the greatest force of the twentieth." Munich, says Mr. Taylor, was a "victory of unenlightened pacifism over peace." Another factor was the dualism of the Allies. "Their ideology forced them to take a public position which they were not prepared to support in practice, *e. g.*, they were formally committed to the support of Czecho-Slovakia, yet they had no means or will to make that support effective. Finally, the battle for democracy became "artificial" in that the French were never sure just what they were fighting for. Hitler, on his side, and the German people behind him, *did* know, but the Allies never were really aware, it seemed, why the war was being fought, except in the negative sense of defense against attack.

Taking advantage of this ineptitude and latent defeatism in France, Hitler's propaganda machine went to work. Here are some of the devices the Germans used:

Perpetual crises, which sapped French vitality.
Exploitation of "national" myths.
Synthetic war scares.
Anti-Semitism.
Attempts to cause "social decomposition" by "dissolvent propaganda."
Efforts to show that resistance would be hopeless, that the French couldn't possibly win.
Sensational false rumors.
Undermining of French military morale by fraternization, etc. (Mr. Taylor tells fantastic stories of the early months of the war, its so-called "phony" period, when Germans at the front behaved with the utmost nicety to the French and vice versa.
Organized fifth-columnism, *i. e.*, treachery.

1 The Strategy of Terror, by Edmond Taylor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 278 pages. $2.50.

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Espionage (so effective that the German radio, broadcasting to the French, welcomed new troops in the line with the names of their commanding officers, and so on.)

The technique of the "symbolic *fait accompli*," as at Danzig.

The "psychic earthquake" accompanying Hitler's own speeches, actions and pronouncements.

Use of the Communists to spread tales of woe, as "professional weepers."

Political mendacity.

If necessary, violence.

Mr. Taylor wrote his book before the French collapse, but it ends on a note of remarkable prescience. He says that in the first days of May "the psychological preparation for some new German move, as unmistakable as the artillery preparation for an infantry attack, continued unabated." The decisive moment of the war, its psychological Marne, he writes, "is very near." But I doubt if even Mr. Taylor, fully aware as he was of the "moral anarchy" that afflicted France, could have imagined that the French defeat would be so complete, so swift, so cruel.

In this review I am neglecting many surface details in Mr. Taylor's book, which incidentally is confident, reasonable, acute and brilliantly written. He tells a good many stories about French politics and the early conduct of the war which deserve permanent record. But its main importance is its description of the technique of psychic Blitzkrieg. The story has formidable lessons for the United States. Don't say that Mr. Taylor hasn't warned us.

JOHN GUNTHER

The Romantic Vein

Collected Poems, 1917-1939, by Edward Davison. New York: Harper and Brothers. 106 pages. $2.

MR. DAVISON'S published verse spans almost exactly the years between two wars. It has nothing to do with the main tendencies of poetry in those twenty years, nor does it seem to have anything to do with life in those twenty years. To suppose that the second part of this description necessarily follows upon the first is to underestimate the potentialities of poetry, and the fault of Mr. Davison's lyrics will not be found in the mere assertion that he has cultivated neither the allusive image and broken rhythm nor a political-social consciousness. As much might be said of Robert Frost, whose validity, unlike Edward Davison's, is nevertheless unquestionable; and such are the rebounds of poetry that the dominant poetics of the next twenty years will almost certainly cultivate still different tendencies.

Nor can we suppose that illicit loves, thwarted or triumphant, the later love at home and hearth, nostalgia and rural loveliness, the beauty of women and of swans—all matters that concern Mr. Davison—have in any way ceased to exist. But eternal verities have to be written as immediate facts. The fault is not that Mr. Davison employs the forms of English Romantic poetry, but rather that he substitutes the attitudes of that poetry for the fresh observation that alone can beget poetry. This is the "counterfeit" that D. H. Lawrence inveighed against in those Georgian anthologies; what was once romantic and rebellious is now conventional and tame. Poet, as well as reader, inclines to regard the established originals politely. Poetry itself, like the act of love, can never be polite; gentle or furious, cold or passionate—yes, but also, always, as if it had never happened quite this way before.

W. T. SCOTT

Brakeman Browder

The Second Imperialist War, by Earl Browder. New York: International Publishers. 309 pages. $2.75.

MARX AND LENIN sometimes admitted that they had made mistakes, but Stalin is always right, and so are his imitators in the rest of the world. The Communist Party of the United States has the courage of its dogma, and thus goes on publishing Mr. Browder's speeches in book form, no matter how much the line changes. Inasmuch as the year covered by "The Second Imperialist War" witnessed one of the most drastic reversals in the whole of Communist Party history, publication must take a good deal of nerve. But here is what Mr. Browder was saying before as well as after August 23, 1939.

Or most of what he was saying. In an article that appeared in The New Masses for April 25, 1939, Mr. Browder discussed the objections to a collective-security agreement, among them the notion that the Soviet Union might desert the peace front and join Hitler. This, Mr. Browder insisted, was inconceivable because the USSR had always kept its agreements. He went on:

> And even if that were not true, even if its record were no higher than that of the United States, there still would not be the slightest ground for any suspicion of the Soviet Union going over to the side of Hitler. Such a turnover could only be made by fascism's infamous fifth column—such as seized Madrid for Franco, such as prevents Britain from making a stand, such as threatens to make France fascist—and in the Soviet Union all the fifth-column conspirators have been hunted out and exterminated. No, the one area of the world where the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis has not a single friend left is precisely the Soviet Union.

That passage does not appear in "The Second Imperialist War," but everyone knows why it had to be dropped and there is no sense in making a to-do about it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Browder reveals his real position more clearly in this book than in any of the preceding collections. There is scarcely an essay in which he does not go out of his way to praise Stalin and the Soviet Union, and his preface states that, in the period the book covers, "the attitude toward the Soviet Union became the acid test which, ever more decisively, determined the course on all other relations." There is only one fixed principle for the CPUSA today: whatever the Soviet Union does is right.

A case can be made for this theory, but little can be said for the way Mr. Browder applies his axiom. A year ago he was not only referring to Hitler and Mussolini as gangsters, and self-righteously denouncing isolationists as Pharisees; he was calling upon Americans to protect their national interests in South America and the Far East. When the Soviet-Nazi pact was signed, he insisted that it had helped the United States by destroying the Rome-Berlin axis and weakening Japan. Persistently he predicted an attack on Russia by France and England, while boasting that Russia

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had achieved security. In short, one phony analysis followed another until Mr. Browder got into the habit of going around with his neck stuck out. Even now, when many party members are watching the Kremlin for a change of line, Mr. Browder turns on all the pacifist sob-stuff.

One might assume that Mr. Browder's life is made up of sudden revelations and astounding discoveries. I have come to doubt, however, whether he is anywhere near so stupid as he makes himself appear. His job is neither to anticipate changes nor mourn them when they have happened, but to do the best he can with the line that is given him. He sees himself as a brakeman on what Communists are fond of calling the railroad train of history. Others may ask where the locomotive is headed; Mr. Browder is satisfied if he can hang on.

GRANVILLE HICKS

From Aeschylus to Odets

Masters of the Drama, by John Gassner. New York: Random House. 826 pages. $3.75.

IN A SENSE, little more need be said about this book than that it is the best of its kind in English. Mr. Gassner not only provides an account of the written drama from Aeschylus to William Saroyan, but he gives us a view of the contemporary backgrounds that go to make a dramatist's works part of the living forces of their period. He includes short, interesting biographies of the playwrights themselves; he sets down the plots of all the outstanding plays in the history of the drama; he describes succinctly the theatrical conditions under which most of the plays were performed. In sum, this is an admirable textbook of dramatic literature, not only intelligently written and ably documented but sound in approach, taste and judgment.

If I were to quarrel with the author, it would be on the ground that I find so little in his book to quarrel with. Actually, no quarrel in this case is allowable, since Mr. Gassner has confined himself to a task that is largely historical and objective. But it is precisely this objectivity, necessary in the present kind of work, that has come to be the norm for all serious dramatic criticism. And I cannot help feeling that there is something deadening in this type of criticism. It is a criticism that I feel is unrewarding to the reader and, in a way, dangerous to the theatre.

I speak of the criticism that, in effect, says of a play, "Its theme is strong, feeble, timely, exciting," as the case may be. "Its construction is taut, loose, rambling, uneven. . . . Its dialogue is pungent, colorful, banal," etc. This is as futile as the presumably more modest reviewing that says, "This is grand entertainment, a swell show, altogether charming, deeply stirring, memorable," etc., etc.

In one place, Mr. Gassner says that "Paradise Lost" is his favorite Odets play. This interests me, because the play is generally considered one of Odets' least successful efforts. Mr. Gassner does not elaborate on this remark, but makes it almost parenthetically, as if it represented a mere personal whim, an idiosyncrasy of taste. But it is in the very exploration of our most intimate personal reactions to a play that its specific character and meaning are truly clarified. It is not important in the theatre to have "correct opinions"; it is essential to have real experiences.

In justice to Mr. Gassner I should add that as a dramatic critic—a capacity in which he is still not sufficiently known—he is one of the best we have. I ought to repeat that in the present volume he is a lively scholar. But still, in reading it, I feel that though I agree with nearly all his evaluations of the various plays, the three or four that have meant most to me in my life as a playgoer are hardly discussed for more than a line or two. This is natural—*I* did not write the book, and the plays referred to are not masterpieces—but what I demand of a critic is to tell me what plays, whether they be impeccable from "objective standards" or not, whether they will "endure" or not, have most affected him—what, in a word, are his dramatic passions. In this way I shall not only really understand the critic, but in the end I shall better understand the plays he criticizes and their content. In other words, such criticism, though it begins by being deeply subjective, develops a general significance; for it is impossible in art to explain a passion without finally enunciating a principle.

Take for example the criticism of a playwright like Noel Coward. For purposes of the present book, Mr. Gassner's summary is better than adequate, in that it describes Mr. Coward's work generally, situates it in the scene of post-war drama and gives us an inkling of how he may be measured in comparison with other writers. But for the larger purposes of dramatic criticism the reader would have to know whether the critic is attracted or repelled by Mr. Coward's plays, and why. What is the critic's personal relation to them? To do this with conviction, the critic would have to analyze the post-war generation, examine the roots of the English smart set, weigh the intellectual, human, social morality of Mr. Coward's world. In this way the reader would ultimately become more truly involved, more partisan, if you will, so that both the criticism and the theatre would come to have some vital value for him. Dramatic criticism of this type would have some of the importance of an adult communication instead of being a pastime for the disengaged.

HAROLD CLURMAN

Essay on Criticism

"This is my heart," the poet said.
"Careful: there's blood. This book is why
I've turned and sweated in my bed.
These are my bowels. This is I."

"Some decent lines," the critics said.
"Conventional though able work."
They said: "His scope is limited."
They said: "His prejudices lurk."
"A quiet competence," they said.
"But is he Trotskyite?" they asked.
And "One regrets—" and "One is led—"
And "This is Eliot badly masked."
They said, "But how naïvely Keats!"
"His social consciousness—" they wrote.
They said: "Here, second-hand, one meets—"
They said: "This book deposes no
Established poets from their niches."
They said: "He still has time to grow,
If he goes on."
The sons of bitches.

HENRY RAGO

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Pan in Provence

Joy of Man's Desiring, by Jean Giono. Translated by Katherine Allen Clarke. New York: The Viking Press 458 pages. $2.50.

EVER SINCE his first novel, Jean Giono has been following a lonely and highly individual course. What seemed to be an overconscious and therefore vulnerable originality in the "Naissance de l'Odyssée" was widened to a new artistic expression in the "Trilogie de Pan." Nature, Giono's vast and only source, determined his plots and shaped his style; and each of his books has been but a variation of this inexhaustible theme.

The nature with which he deals is that of Provence, and particularly the hilly, wild region of the Departement des Basses-Alpes, where Giono was born and where he still lives. The land of Provence does not merely form the background for the story; it is in itself the story. Hills, trees, skies, winds and soil are the very substance of the novel; they take no less part in the plot than the animals and peasants who depend on them for life. But although Giono's writing is confined geographically, it has little to do with regional literature. He does not try to criticize; nor does he paint an idyllic provincial picture. His characters are but one of nature's countless expressions, and their psychology is simplified and cut down to its emotional elements. Regionalism is only another version of nationalism and Giono feels none of it. In "Jean-le-Bleu," his poetic-autobiographic novel, he tells us, "If I see a river I say 'river.' If I see a tree I say 'tree.' I never say 'France.' There is no such thing."

"Joy of Man's Desiring" was published in France some years ago and is regarded there as one of Giono's strongest works. The peasants of the novel are so much warped by their weary labor that they have forgotten how to love their skies and woods. In their midst appears Bobi, the stranger. He leads them back to nature by teaching them joy. He makes them grow narcissi; he shows them the miraculous beauty of Orion, which "looks like Queen Anne's lace." "One single joy and the world is still worth while."

Joy becomes the religious expression of nature, the hymn to life. Giono's religion is that of ancient Greece and his God is the *Deus sive natura,* alive and present in each grain of sand, each drop of blood. His books have often been compared to Theocritus and even Homer. It is true that much in his writing has the monumental simplicity of ancient poets, yet his is a stylistic rather than an emotional simplicity, born consciously of an intellectual process. Like Hamsun the Norwegian and like the Swiss Ramuz, he writes simply in order to be more strikingly dramatic. The ancient Greek did not sing of motor cars simply because he did not know about them. Giono is perfectly familiar with industrial progress, social problems and modern psychology, but he chooses not to write about them. Determinedly he withdraws into his poetic and primitive world. Culture and civilization have not helped mankind toward happiness, or "joy," and he therefore disregards them. The soil becomes the inscrutable symbol of the human heart, the great myth.

Giono writes poetry in the form of novels—strong, often beautiful poetry which one must admire and may even love. His style, his choice of words and characters serve but one purpose: to express nature poetically. The peasants in "Joy of Man's Desiring" are true poetically; they are not realistically seen. Human passions are neither less nor more important than the wild passions of animals or clouds. The story of the stag Antoine is as much part of the novel as the girl Aurore's strange desires. Pan is ubiquitous. His spirit is joy. "To sow joy, to have it take root and be like a lush meadow with millions of roots in the earth and millions of blades in the air. To have it the participant, like the dancing sea, the dancing river, the dancing blood, the dancing grass, the whole revolving world."

MARIANNE HAUSER

Of Human Freedom

The Underground Stream, by Albert Maltz. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 248 pages. $2.50.

CHOICE is a hard thing. *Harder than pain!*" These words—spoken by a brilliant cynic to the young auto worker he has kidnaped, in an attempt to persuade him to give up communism and become a fascist leader—are perhaps the key speech in this dramatic, thoroughly absorbing novel. For "The Underground Stream" gets right down to grips with the real problems of human purpose, and the place of values in a world where every external pressure seems to be driving us into catastrophe. And with a strangely prophetic quality, the story of Fred Prince, Detroit boy who happens to be a Communist, although he often chafes against his party tasks, becomes a parable of what may come in the next few years to any of us, whether we are radicals or "merely" stanch liberals. Therefore I cannot say whether this is a really *good* novel or merely a journeyman variation on its greatly tragic theme. Temporarily, at least, the middle scale of literary values has been blurred for me by an approaching shadow greater than any book; and all I know is that there is no question in the world so important now as the one this story asks.

The scene is Detroit. Time: February, 1936, between a certain Saturday evening and the following Tuesday morning. In that brief time we learn to know Jeffry Grebb, "Personnel Director of Jefferson Motors," a powerful self-made man who is the pure ego-principle incarnate—cynical, lustful and proud; and Harvey Kellogg, a ruined business man, who finds release in the Black Legion for his personal frustrations and political rage; and Fred Prince ("Princey") and his wife Betsy, a young working-class couple whom life has driven, by way of the trade-union movement, to communism. Gradually the scattered events of the week-end add up into one sinister pattern. Well read in Marxist theory, masterful and unscrupulous, Grebb is convinced that fascism is inevitable, and that a man of energy must ride the whirlwind and make it serve his private greeds. When he kidnaps Princey, however, and offers him a fat cut (as a popular union leader) for selling out every principle he believes in, the young man's stiffening courage is beyond his comprehension. For the only law Grebb can recognize is jungle law, and the values Princey can die for are "slobbering sentiment" to him.

The poignant reality and greatness in Princey's last hours of decision do not rise from any qualities he has as hero or steeled revolutionist. For he is neither of these; we have

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seen his weakness, his natural reluctance to give up happiness for the "cause." His courage is a simpler, more fundamental kind, which comes of self-discovery; it is a kind to be hoped for. When a man discovers at last what his central purpose was—the underground stream of his life—he discovers too that he cannot abandon it in order to go on existing. It is the psychologically sound revelation of human freedom, the revelation of man's moral freedom to choose, even in the face of overwhelming odds, that gives "The Underground Stream" its very great value for our troubled era.

REBECCA PITTS

Life Without Tears

The Art of Living, by André Maurois. Translated by James Whitall. New York: Harper and Brothers. 325 pages. $2.50.

THE NINE PHASES of the art of living as presented by André Maurois have the quality of recipes made up of cheese parings. The reader, none the less, has cause to be grateful for M. Maurois' French background. A Spartan training in economy has enabled him to condense into 325 pages a series of trivialities that might, in other circumstances, have assumed sinister proportions.

"The Art of Living" is not boring, nor is it important enough to be really exasperating. It contains none of the inflammatory matter that would be likely to incite the underprivileged to undesirable action. Its appeal is to the more somnolent of those with comfortable incomes.

To gauge the literary standing of André Maurois by this latest work would, in the face of some of his biographies, be imprudent. But "The Art of Living" goes a long way toward clearing up the mystery of his popularity here and in England. He has taken the opportunity to advocate, explicitly, a policy of leaving everything exactly as it is. This alone would have won him no more than passive approval—there is, indeed, a glut of such doctrines—but he has the advantage of voicing the creed of many people in a style commanded by few.

Under the headings of Love, Marriage, Family Life, Friendship, Thinking, Working, Leadership, Growing Old, Happiness, M. Maurois purports to construct a set of rules to meet every emergency from the cradle to the grave. It is tacitly assumed, not only that every standard is acceptable to the majority, but that every prejudice or rigor attached to it is unavoidable. The leader is as indispensable an adjunct to any community as is the unemployed laborer with four children. The poor must work to become contented, the middle classes must improve their minds, the upper class must rule. M. Maurois gives the method.

So well pleased is he with the present structure of society, that it is puzzling to understand what prompted him to approach the subject. He has merely gilded his own lily. Satisfied with mankind as a whole—though he feels that it is perhaps a little lacking in elegance—he has not an unduly high opinion of human nature. "It is often difficult to fill an active, healthy man's leisure. He is bored when not working; he paces the room like a caged animal, and sinks, naturally, into vices. . . ."

There is always, one is relieved to learn, golf.

EILEEN HOLDING

A Reader's List

THE STORY OF THE PACIFIC, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Harcourt, Brace, $3). A discursive, eclectic and illustrated introduction to the history and use of the Pacific Ocean, going from the Panama Canal through geological speculation and Polynesian ethnology to Magellan, Cook, La Pélouse, Roggeveen. Mr. Van Loon is a traveler with a fat sketch pad and a satchelful of assorted books, and doesn't pretend to master the subjects touched on, from navigation to tribal customs. Specimen of the light touch: "Lord Sandwich . . . now chiefly remembered as the inventor of the 'ham on rye.' " Prescription from your oculist: Readings in the log of James Cook, Captain, R. N.

CANADA, EUROPE AND HITLER, by Watson Kirkconnell (Oxford, $1.50). An analysis of the editorial opinion of the Canadian press, by a well informed Canadian author. His conclusion: All the nationalities living in Canada are "more united than ever before" in their determination to fight this war. But Mr. Kirkconnell's own quotations leave the reader with a distinct impression that this unity is not very solid, at least in the case of the French in Quebec.

THE NEW WORLD CHALLENGE TO IMPERIALISM, by M. E. Tracy (Coward-McCann, $3.50). The New World, says Mr. Tracy, is the exponent of Democracy; the Old World, of Imperialism (=fascism, Nazism or communism). Thanks to this bold simplification, the history of the past 400 years becomes easy to grasp, and the prospects for the future brighten considerably, for the hope of mankind is the program "without precedent or parallel in human history" which has been embodied in the two declarations adopted by the Lima Conference, December 24, 1938.

A NEW ENGLAND SAMPLER, by Eleanor Early (Waverly House, $2.50). Regional anecdotes, mostly familiar, gathered for their amusement value by a Boston newspaperwoman, author of half a dozen popular New England travel books. Miss Early describes few practices more obscure than bundling, witchcraft, piracy and snuff-taking, and summarizes the careers of few persons less known than Timothy Dexter, Lydia Pinkham and Lizzie Borden. The author's faintly ribald handling of material is not irresistibly funny.

OUTDOOR COOKING, by the Browns—Cora, Rose and Bob (Greystone Press, $2.50). In this as in their dozen previous cook books, the Browns give good eaters a feast of good reading. There are recipes for many dishes that the average picknicker and camper is not likely to tangle with, such as Breaded Bears' Paws and Elk Mulligan, but none that won't whet the appetite while waiting for the beans to heat.

PATTERNS FOR LIVING, edited by Oscar James Campbell, Justine Van Gundy and Caroline Shrodes (Macmillan, $2.75). One of the best monkey-see-monkey-do anthologies for collegiate composition classes now available; essays, drama, fiction and poetry selected for what they say rather than how they say it.

THE LONG TRAIL FROM TEXAS, by Frazier Hunt (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). This account of the life of Cattleman Ad Spaugh brings in the Chisholm Trail, Wild Bill and Calamity Jane, as well as other types and elements traditionally identified with the West of the days when "they shot them on the wing." It is close-up stuff, though the personal contact is interfered with to some extent by rhetoric not adapted to the characters or country.

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JUVENILE DELINQUENTS GROWN UP, by Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck (The Commonwealth Fund, $2.50). An investigation of 1,000 boy delinquents during a fifteen-year period after their release from correctional institutions, made for the Commonwealth Fund. Contains "prediction" tables which tend to indicate, among other things, that a scientific, humanitarian approach and new methods of treatment can be expected to reduce the period of delinquency.

THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL, HOOSIER STATESMAN, by Charles M. Thomas (Mississippi Valley Press, $3). A brief uncritical biography of the obscure small-town lawyer who served as Vice President during the Wilson administrations.

THE IMPASSE OF DEMOCRACY, by Ernest S. Griffith (Harrison, Hilton, $3). An interpretation of modern political and economic trends in terms of social psychology, plus a detailed program for saving "the essential features" of American democracy by a series of constitutional and administrative reforms. Written before this war, and pervaded by the belief that, in spite of appearances, our world is essentially a harmonious one.

THE PENGUIN POLITICAL DICTIONARY, compiled by Walther Theimer (Penguin Books, 25 cents). Concise, intelligent, reliable biographies of leading statesmen, political surveys of every country, and definitions of political terms, alphabetically arranged. Illustrated by maps. An exceptionally good buy in this outstanding series of inexpensive books.

THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF A DURABLE PEACE, by J. E. Meade (Oxford, $2). The dying spirit of liberalistic compromise flickers again in this ingenious plan for an international economic organization after peace, by means of an International Authority and other gadgets taken from the collections of the once famous League of Nations.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN, by H. G. Wells (Penguin Books, 25 cents). The Utopian of British common sense advocates the international adoption of a New Declaration of the Rights of Man which will forestall by legislation the totalitarian menace to individual freedom. Written a long, long time—at least three months—ago when Hitler's defeat still seemed an axiomatic truth.

Fiction

REHEARSAL, by Fredericka Faxon (Coward-McCann, $2.50). About a woman who wants peace, but instead runs into twenty years of very stormy love life. In the end her lover is dead and she is ill and exhausted, though her situation seems less tragic to the reader than it apparently does to the author. A long novel written with great intensity, at times a little forced.

THROUGH THE HOUSE DOOR, by Helen Hull (Coward-McCann, $2.50). What happens when a scientist loses his eyesight and his wife takes over the job of supporting the family. Miss Hull handles wounded pride and sensitivity with a professional touch. This, though not quite so appealing as some of her other books, remains a moving and perceptive tale.

LEGACY, by Charles Bonner (Knopf, $2.50). The job that a conscientious father does on five motherless sons. His motives are fine; his results, while not always successful, are steadily interesting. Full credit to Mr. Bonner for making six men so individual that you can tell one from another after a couple of pages.

Contributors

STUART CHASE has written widely on economic and sociological subjects. His most recent book, "Idle Money, Idle Men," will be published by Harcourt, Brace on August 22.

FRITZ STERNBERG contributes regularly to The Royal Air Force Quarterly in England and The Infantry Journal here.

IRWIN ROSS is a recent graduate of Harvard, where he edited The Harvard Progressive.

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JOHN GUNTHER, the European correspondent, is author of "Inside Europe" and "Inside Asia."

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GRANVILLE HICKS, for a number of years an editor of The New Masses, is the author of several books, the most recent of which (written with Richard M. Bennett) is "The First to Awaken," a Utopian novel.

HAROLD CLURMAN is the founder and director of the Group Theatre. Among the plays he has staged are "The Gentle People," "Rocket to the Moon," "Golden Boy" and "Awake and Sing!"

HENRY RAGO is a twenty-four-year-old Chicago poet who has appeared regularly in Poetry since 1931. He has also published verse in The Commonweal and America.

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REBECCA PITTS, an editor of the Indiana Guide for the Federal Writers' Project, contributes critical articles and book reviews to various periodicals.

EILEEN HOLDING, an English artist, has written for the English weeklies. She came to this country in 1937 and last year taught at the Chicago School of Design.

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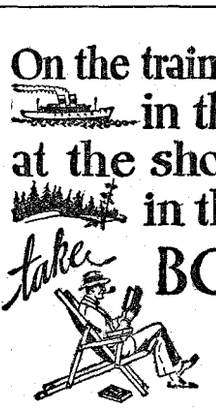

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